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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

[Through the kindness of a friend who has translated it for us we are able to give our readers one of Schleiermacher's sermons, which may serve as a specimen of his peculiar tone and style of writing. We do not assent to his interpretation of the text; since nothing can be plainer than that the word which in our Bible is translated to "*take thought*" has for its first and only authorized meaning, "*to be anxious*," or "*to take anxious thought*." We do not think, however, that there is any danger practically of our carrying the doctrine too far in Schleiermacher's direction.]

THE SCRIPTURAL LIMITATION OF OUR CARE FOR THE FUTURE.

[TRANSLATED FROM SCHLEIERMACHER.]

There is a wisdom to be learned from the religion of Jesus, so entirely opposite to that worldly prudence, which is the aim of most men, that only a few are capable of appreciating it. It knows nothing of the contradictions, in which those persons become entangled who aspire to mere earthly things; and it has nothing to do with the artifices which must be used to hide such contradictions from a healthy mind, or to accommodate them to actual experience. Hence it has a wonderful ease, lightness, and simplicity, which men cannot understand; for to some it is a stumbling block, and to others foolishness. Not only was it so in the early ages of Christianity, but it is so still; and in fact it never can be otherwise, since the precepts of this heavenly wisdom can be acknowledged and understood only through the inward character and disposition which it implies. And thus it happens, on the one hand, that the gay and thoughtless children of this world either ridicule the holiest and purest doctrines of Christianity, because they do not comprehend them, or else designedly pervert them to excuse their own guilt and folly; while, on the other hand, the more serious, who fancy themselves wise, with equal misunderstanding of these doctrines, severely criticise and condemn them—alledging that they make man dissatisfied with his earthly destiny, unfit him for the business of this life, and even bring a stain upon his conscience. Nay, what is worst of all, there are those, having the appearance of religion, but no less destitute of its true spirit than the persons just described, who undertake to defend these doctrines in such a manner, that all their peculiar excellence would entirely vanish, if they meant nothing but what these interpreters make *out of them*.

A striking example of this may be found in what the Scriptures teach of man's trust in God, and casting all care upon Him in reference to the Future. This is indeed one of the most difficult questions connected with human duty. It would seem in the first place, as if the right and wrong could be discriminated here, only as the middle course is distinguished from the extremes of too much or too little; and this always makes the understanding waver in its judgments, and renders the application of those precepts which are finally agreed upon, extremely uncertain. It would seem again, as though every thing depended on the mode in which we represent the relation between the human will and the divine fore-knowledge; and here is a mystery, which it is not the business of every man correctly to determine or believe, a rock, on which multitudes have made shipwreck. But if we inquire of the Scripture, it teaches us that none of these difficulties need be taken into the account—that we may absolutely dismiss from our mind's every perplexing question of this sort; because we are to have no care whatever for the future, but only keep the present day in view. This is what men cannot understand. They behold thousands besides themselves spending a large part of their time in providing for the future; and they think they see that a thousand useful contrivances and arrangements, essential to the existence of society, depend upon such provision. They know not, therefore, what would be the consequence of such a doctrine. It is too high for them, because it is too simple. And yet see how they deal with it, for this very reason! Unprincipled men, who by turns are harassed about the future and squander the present, make use of religious language to express one part of the contradiction in which their whole life is involved—inciting themselves to enjoy the fleeting pleasure, though the enjoyment be combined with the neglect of every duty, by the appeal: Let us rejoice and be merry, for who would take any thought for the morrow? The wretched and unhappy, on the other hand, who adhere to the gloomy theory which looks upon want and privation as the only sources of human excellence, take offence at this milder doctrine. If you release man, say they, from all solicitude for the future, you encourage him in idleness; you take from him the necessary spur to industry and labor; and, if your doctrine were universally true, you would throw back the race into its early rudeness and poverty. And how is religion defended against these charges, by those who call themselves its friends? They reply: The doctrine is not intended to go so far. It is nowhere promised to man, that he shall obtain anything without the use of such means as God directs for the purpose. The power to provide for the future, under certain rules and limitations, is bestowed upon him by God himself, that he may apply his energies according to that end. Man, then, is certainly to have care for the future, if it be done only in a rational manner, and if no passion and no anxiety mingle with it, for these alone are forbidden by the Christian warning. Therefore he is to leave the event with God, and be only solicitous that he may not have to reproach himself with neglect of anything, which might have promoted his welfare and ensured his content. Is not this, too, the language of an earthly mind? Do not these explanations still betray "the old man," which they should have extirpated, if they pretend to be Christians? Have they not too much hankering for worldly prosperity and health, and do they not think it allowable to do every thing in reference to that, and to regulate all their thoughts and purposes by that standard? Is not this making religion rest for its support on the worldly mind, or attempting to gather figs of thistles? It seems so to me, at least; and I hope it will appear so to you too, if you will look steadily with me at the Redeemer's doctrine upon this point, contemplating its noble simplicity with a simple spirit, and not fastening upon it an interpretation which does not belong there. Let this be the object of our present inquiry, and may God bestow upon us for this end the spirit of truth.

TEXT—MATTHEW VI. 34.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is its own evil."

Nothing can well be clearer and more intelligible, than this excellent saying of our Lord. It assumes that every day has its own troubles, its own wants, its own business. And these we should have regard to; and whatever belongs to them we should execute with unremitted attention and fidelity. But having done that, we should rest content; firmly believing, that with this condition the morrow will take care of its own. We should have faith, that *to-day* there is no better means to prepare ourselves for the business and discomforts of the morrow, than to think nothing whatever about them, but simply to do that which properly concerns us to-day. We should not make our care for the future a separate business of its own; it should neither divert our attention from the duties which lie before us to-day, nor should it disturb our enjoyment of the blessings which are to day bestowed. This is the meaning of the text. And when we remember, that it is impossible for us in any way to provide so perfectly for the future, that many things shall not still remain to be done when it arrives; when we consider, how often with the best intentions, we have only spoiled the present hour by our anxiety for the next, and how unhappily it distracts and annuls human activity when there is ever hovering before us a twofold aim; we must all of us desire, at last, that this doctrine of the *limitation of our care for the future* may everywhere approve itself as wise and proper. There are three different objects, which this too hasty care has chiefly to do with the *casual events*, the *positive wants*, and the *new duties*, which the future brings. Let us therefore examine the doctrine of Scripture in reference to these three points.

I. The *casual events of life*—these are the largest and most general field of human care. Unexpected turns of fortune, sudden transitions from prosperity and honor to a poor and despised lot in life, are at no time a rare thing, and they always seem to become more frequent as human society increases; so that the innocent are involved in common destruction with the guilty, and the disturbances of one place shall often select for their victim the peaceful inhabitant of another, from the very midst of his domestic happiness. In every such case, we may fancy that this misfortune would not have befallen the sufferer, if he had sustained other relations and had otherwise conducted his affairs. This, then, is the mark, towards which prudent forethought bends all its labors. So to intrench their welfare within the surest and firmest connections, so to inweave it with the prosperity of others, still more powerful and fortunate than they, that it cannot fall, while these stand. They would engage so many prudent and ingenious men upon their side, that help must inevitably flow to them from every quarter, as soon as they are threatened with danger. And yet they move about in this structure with the greatest caution. Every undertaking is weighed on all sides, lest perchance they should set in motion some hostile power. And the demands which they make upon themselves in this respect, grow more and more exhorbitant. If one shall meet with an accident, arising from a series of events with which he has connected himself, though the connection was only of the remotest kind, how common is it for him to berate himself for his folly, saying: Had I only refrained from doing so, all this would not have happened to me! Such complaints they hear on all sides, and resolve for themselves to be wiser.

You cannot but confess, my friends, that all these painful exertions lead to nothing. No human eye can foresee all the remote consequences of an action; and no man, whether we trust to his benevolence or his selfishness, is so firm a support, that a momentary passion or an inconsiderate neglect of some little circumstances may not confound the whole calculation. But I will not insist upon this; since, after all, it is not the despair of a good result, which should keep us from anxiety. Admit that there were such a thing as an infallible prudence—yet you will confess that it is only to be obtained by the greatest tension of the human faculties, and that it never accomplishes its object, even when everything turns out most fortunately. For when the future, which has thus far been the object of your anxiety, comes nearer, you will be sure to treat it with the same indifference, with which you now pass over the present moment, because a new future demands your whole activity, and so you never enjoy the fruit of your labor. And then how much suffering is to be endured in exerting this activity! How boundless is the field of possibilities! Though a thousand bright points should attract the eye, yet there is no end to the anxiety lest those which are precisely the most important, should have remained concealed; and if the airy texture is finally woven and put together, how the poor creature trembles when the threads on the surface are but stirred by the breeze! Such is the picture of Care. You may limit its sphere as much as you please, and you may moderate your apprehensions accordingly; but just so much care as you have left, so much pain and anxiety do you have left like wise, and so much entire loss do you incur from the short term of your earthly life. Therefore Christ never cared for accidental events, however nearly they concerned him, and however innocently he might have done it. That persecutions awaited him, he soon knew for certain; but this certainty produced no change in his mode of life. How often was he brought in contact with distinguished and influential persons: yet it never came into his mind what instructions he should give them, or what benefits he should confer upon them, in order to avert future dangers by forming profitable friendships. Nay when he knew how every word and action of his were watched, he shrank from uttering no plain truth on that account, however easily it might be twisted and misconstrued. Let us see if we cannot penetrate into the depth of this wisdom which seems so foolish to the world. Why did he omit all these innocent precautions? Simply because they never came into his mind; because it never occurred to him—nor can it occur to any one who is of the same mind with him—to undertake or to omit anything for the sake merely of the future. There are only two ways in which one may act in reference to possible events: he may either perform actions which would otherwise have been left undone, or he may perform what he had already determined on, in a different manner from what would otherwise have been adopted; and the messenger of God could find no occasion for either of these. At every moment he had the will of his Father to do, and therefore could do nothing else; and there was only one way to accomplish it—namely, that which resulted from his calling, (which he had ever in view,) and which gave the clearest testimony to his mind and character. Now all who would be considered his disciples, are bound by the same laws.

Others may have such a conception of duty, as leaves them many free moments and much room for actions which do not come under that requirement; but to us, every moment and every action should be holy. We have no liberty of choice in this respect, which can furnish occasion for prudence and care. At every moment there is something to be done, which is the will of God concerning us; and we have no other voice to listen to but his. So likewise in respect to the manner of doing what we have resolved upon—to others, there may seem to be much that is indefinite and unimportant, and they may execute it with every variety of aim and reference, sometimes in one way and sometimes in an other; but to us, there is only one way to do everything. For we also have a calling appointed for us by God, to which every thing is to be referred; we too have principles to observe, and must remain faithful to them; we also have a mental individuality, which is everywhere to be represented and expressed; and this, and this only, is it, to walk simply before God. But if we do this, and thus make the present day our nearest concern, we may be sure that the morrow will take care of itself. And consider which of the two is rather the sport of accidents: he, who does not permit them to disturb him in his course, or he, who is bound to them by a hard and cruel service!—he, who can keep his mind open to every thing which the present comprehends within itself, or he, whose every moment is embittered by uncertain conceptions of the future!—he, who torments himself beforehand by anxieties and forebodings, which after all do not mitigate the sense of evil when it arrives, or he, who remains cool and unconcerned until an evil has actually appeared, and then meets it with calmness and equanimity, not troubling himself about it beyond the day that he is now living!

II. But when one thinks of the *wants* of the Future, it seems impossible for man to rid himself entirely of care. For among these, there are many, which are not renewed every day, but only after a longer interval. Now if we did not include them in our calculations, but should think we had done enough in providing for the daily necessity, should we not deserve to be ridiculed for the misfortune which would then overtake us! Few men at present are in such a situation, that their daily bread can always be dealt out to them daily; but we receive at once what is designed to supply all our necessities for a considerable period; and if one will not look forward so far, into what misery must he plunge himself! And then the demands, which come from every quarter, for an expenditure which is beyond one's means; of which, however, the disproportion is not noticed, until one can consider its effects upon a larger scale! Then the pleasures, innocent in themselves, if one looks only to the present moment, and censurable only from the injurious consequences, which afterwards develope themselves! How shall one escape all this, if no reference be made to the Future!

This sounds all right and just,—and yet I ask, after care has indicated all this to you, what do you propose to do to escape these inconveniences, and to ensure the supply of those wants? Will you merely provide yourselves with remedies against extravagance and excess? Will you not cease to hoard up and accumulate as much as you can? Will you stint yourselves to-day, as far as nature will permit, that you may be so much the richer bye and bye? Will you load yourselves with a burden of occupations which you are not equal to, that you may have the more security against the possible accumulation of wants? Nay—since acquisition becomes harder, and limitation grows more hateful and grievous—will you even go so far, perhaps, as to think of dishonest gain? It is not a rare thing in any place to find persons, who, from constant looking to future wants, are ready to enter upon such a course as this; and certainly it had been better for all these, if they had never seen beyond the present day.—But no—you say— there are other methods. You will allow no more to each day, than belongs to it after a fair estimate. You will think only at the right time of those wants, which do not at once show themselves in their full magnitude. You will study moderation in all your pleasures, introduce order into all your affairs, and be most scrupulously active and industrious to the extent of your power—Now if this is to be the fruit of your care, if you propose in this manner to make preparation for the future, confess, then, that the Redeemer is right in promising his disciples, the morrow shall take care of itself; for without so much as a single glance into the future, they do all this on other grounds. They give to no day more than its due, because they have as little disposition to sieze what belongs to the future, as to know what it shall bring forth. They do not neglect those wants which can only be supplied after a longer interval, for such wants every day are springing up before them and ripening towards their own fulfilment. And in respect to industry, order, and temperance—certainly you will nowhere find these virtues in a purer form, than among them. They are active in their business, not for the sake of the gain which results from it, but for the sake of the good which is accomplished by it, the advantages which others may reap in consequence, the contribution which is thus made to the common welfare and subsistence of Society. They are methodical, not because it saves them much trouble, but because time is gained by method, and their own judgment and understanding are cultivated. They are temperate, not that they may escape the natural punishment which attaches to vice, but because nothing sensual is so enticing, as to make them forget the beautiful and the good. Now if they absolutely are and do all this; what need have they of thought and care for the future? That they may the more securely keep in the path which they have entered upon? Or that they may find satisfaction in having been able to act thus and not otherwise! Here lies precisely the great difference between him, who, in his freedom from care, does not look beyond the present hour, but discharges his duty at all times from a full heart,—and him, with whom everything that looks like virtue, is only hired and forced. The former is sure to be always alike, for his conduct is determined by fixed principles, and whatever help it gives him for the relief of his future days, it gives him now and always. The latter hovers between desire and solicitude; now drawn this way, and now that; at one time he needlessly denies himself what he might enjoy, and repents the next moment his too timid anxiety; at another time his desire tempts him beyond the wholesome limits, and for a hurried enjoyment he sacrifices all the fruits of a tedious constraint. The former is happy in his very freedom from care; for the same conduct which spares him anxiety, is the source of his contentment and cheerfulness, because he has satisfied the demands of his conscience,—whatever he did his heart was in it; he loved and enjoyed his work. But the latter comes with a heavy heart to bring an offering to the future, which he would gladly have dispensed with. Alas for him, who, like an hireling, goes about the work of his vocation for the mere wages' sake! He is no better than one, who lives in complete idleness, without doing any thing for society—he is only more wretched. Alas for him, who submits to the laws of temperance only through fear of the after effects! He is no better than one, who, with unchecked levity, follows the voice of pleasure—he is only more faint-hearted. But so it is: fear, or love—one of the two—must govern men. Wherever the mind of Christ is not, there care becomes wisdom, and fear is a salutary curb, to tame the savage nature, and to bring forth at least the appearance of good, which may be useful to the world. But where the spirit of Christ reigns, there fear is driven out, and the dominion of care is wholly at an end.

III. And yet the inclination to indulge care for the future is so deeply rooted in the human heart, that many even of those, who, as true Christians, do not permit it to have any influence upon their actions and conduct, still have their cares, though they are more physical and earthly cares. They rest upon the idea, that man cannot too early direct his attention, nor too fully prepare himself for the *duties*, at least, which he will have to discharge in future, the virtues which he must practise, the religious acts which may be required of him. It is true that the Redeemer, when he uttered the words of our text, did not have this train of thought directly in view; for he never would have used the expression, concerning any religious actions that were to be performed, that they were the "sufficient evil" of every day. But the direction which he gives us, is still perfectly applicable here too; for the same errors which we have thus far been engaged with, lie at the basis of this opinion; and hence I shall take occasion to say a few words upon this also, and to explain to you what seems to me, even here, to be the mode of thinking which is agreeable to the Gospel.

Are we right—this is the first question to be answered—in regarding all our conduct and actions during the earlier years of life, all the employment we give to the young who are entrusted to our direction, only as preparation for what will be required in after years! It is thus, in fact, that every thing which we call education and culture is treated by most men. As soon as the soul begins to have rule over the body, and the first traces of intelligence are manifested, they hasten to lay the foundation in the mind of the child, for all the various knowledge and skill which the boy shall be able to carry to greater perfection. As soon as the boy is capable of a certain degree of reflection, he is carefully introduced to the truths and principles of religion, that he may be prepared, when a young man, to meet the temptations of the world. The young man, when he begins partly to hold the reins for himself, goes a little further on in the same course, and prepares himself for the duties of the station which he expects to assume in society. And so this preparation is continued, as long as one new step of moral or social culture remains to be climbed. It seems to me there is a great mistake here. Does it not conflict with the reverence which we owe to human life as soon as the spiritual element begins to be awakened, to treat any portion of it merely as a step towards the next portion? Is it not beneath the dignity of every useful knowledge, much more beneath the dignity of religion, that it should be instilled only as a preparatory process, and should thus be admitted into a mind not yet capable of appreciating its intrinsic worth? Certain it is, that no little injury arises from this mistake. When we complain, that after our best endeavors, there is still so much in the education we give our children which will not succeed, and that our brightest hopes dissolve into nothing; when youth complains, that it enjoys so little of the fairest period of life, and feels perpetually galled and hampered by its chains; when society complains, that every child is in haste to become a boy, every boy a youth, every youth a man,—that many a fine mind is worn out by this haste, and we have then nothing but ordinary, unserviceable, and exhausted workmen;—what are these but the fruits of a vain and useless anxiety for a period of time which has not yet arrived? Let us not impatiently anticipate the order of nature. Let us be convinced that, here too, the best thing which can happen for the future, is accomplished by doing every day and at all times that which is in itself best and most salutary, without regard to a later moment. If we dwell less on the thought, that our children are to become boys and youths, than that they should be children now; if we endeavor to call forth, in and around them, only that which will make their childhood fair and complete of itself; if we thus, with ready affection, rather accompany than accelerate the gradual development of human nature—then, every knowledge which we impart to our little ones, every wise direction we can give them, will fall into its proper place; and without care of ours, the future will be most effectually cared for.

Are we right—this is the second question that belongs here—are we right, as Christians, in thinking that a special preparation is necessary for every persistent discharge of duty, every sacrifice, every self-conquest, which does not belong to the ordinary events of our life? This is what so many Christians mean by the necessary practice of piety. Whatever this is supposed to consist in, whether in occupation of the heart with spiritual things, in prayer, in external exercises, in self-imppsed privations—all these are excellent and not to be omitted, if they come in the course of our duties, if we are prompted to use them by the prevailing character of our affections, or by some temporary necessity. But for the very reason that they are excellent in all these cases, they are objectionable when they are expressly arranged with reference to something future; they are objectionable, because they are superfluous. To me at least, it seems as if such a procedure implied opinions incompatible with the spirit of Christianity. For do we not in such case start from the thought, that the various evidences of virtue required of us, are essentially different from each other, and thus mutually independent? They who cling to the letter may think thus, but it is not in accordance with the representation of the Gospel. It is one faith which encourages us in every good, one love which impels us towards the good, one spirit which brings all the good we have into activity and completeness; and the struggle of the spirit with the flesh is ever the same,—the same enemy is to be conquered, however various the disguises he may assume. The conflict which we have to endure today, is therefore the best preparation for that which awaits us tomorrow, and we need no other. The good account which we are able to give today, is the best pledge that tomorrow likewise the good will prevail. Besides, does not this preparatory care rest upon the idea, that there may be some kind of virtue which is not familiar to the Christian, but strange and novel? This may be the case with those, who, in all that relates to the inward guidance of the spirit, look only to what is great and striking; it can never be so with us, who are charged to watch over ourselves continually, to notice every movement of our hearts, and also to consult carefully with our brothers, that we may receive assistance and instruction from their counsel. This vigilance and attention on every side, is the daily calling of the Christian, and to observe it, is the best preparation for all that may befal us tomorrow. No weak side of our own hearts, whatever it be, no strange peculiarity of the human mind, should be unknown to us. We ought to feel ourselves qualified and well-furnished for every struggle, and possess every advantage in our power. Here too let us follow the doctrine of our text; to lay aside all fear and anxiety for what may come, and to give our undivided attention to the present day alone.

Consider, then, how safe and how noble the simple wisdom of the Redeemer is, on all sides, shown to be! Let fools call it foolish—we will devoutly honor and use it. "Rejoice in the Lord," who teaches this wisdom, "and again I say, rejoice."* How easy is the Redeemer's yoke, and from what heavy burdens, beneath which so many are oppressed, does he deliver his own! In banishing cares for the future, we rid ourselves of more than half the sum of human misery—so much vain anxiety, so many fruitless sighs, so many wasted and unprofitable hours! And how do joy and pleasure increase on every side, and bud forth from the blessed soil of the human heart, as soon as those rocks are rolled away! How glad and serene our mind, how sure the repose of our spirit, how plain and even the way of life before us! We will walk in it with a joyousness that knows no care, and eagerly do what lies in our way. The future is the Lord's—He will cause that it shall all be well. Thus was and lived Christ—thus let us be and live.

* Phil. iv. 4.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND CHURCH OF ROME.

In speaking of the present relation of these two churches, the London Inquirer says:

We need scarcely say that, considering simply the abstract principle of a refusal to repel or anathematise the Roman Church as unworthy of Christian communion, we would cordially agree with the negative conclusion of Dr. Pusey. We would not reject, from the circle of religious fellowship, any one who sincerely recognises Jesus as his Lord. Upon our principles, there is no reason why all faithful believers, however loaded and encumbered some may be with the speculative errors, should not be one in Christ, or why the flame of divine love should not pass with electric force through all the barriers of sect and creed; and, therefore, there is no reason why we should look with the same horror as others upon the transmutation of High Churchmen into Roman Catholics. But for Anglican Churchmen, and more especially for High Churchmen, *our* view of the matter is by no means admissible. If Church authority be a vital point, the choice of that one authority, which can alone be legitimate, must be equally vital. God has not given a commission to proclaim his truth to two sets of prelates who excommunicate each other. If there be an authoritative Church, it is quite certain that either the Church of England, or the Church of Rome, must be in the most perilous error. To speak of both as branches of the one Catholic Church, in any sense which excludes Baptists, Independents, Unitarians, or any other Dissenters, is a mere arbitrary inconsistency which cannot long survive the ordeal of discussion. It avails nothing that Dr. Pusey and other semi-Protestant divines offer the hand of Christian fellowship to the Roman Catholics. The offer is received with quiet but determined contempt. Within a very short time the head of the Roman hierarchy has, in the most unequivocal manner, affixed the stigma of heresy to the Anglican Establishment, by creating in England a Roman Catholic Archbishopric. The appointment of Dr. Wiseman as Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster, seems especially designed to deprive the would-be Anglican Catholics of all excuse for remaining in the religious connection in which they have been educated. By this step the Roman Church takes up a position of such open contrast and rivality with the Establishment, as to place upon every supporter of ecclesiastical tradition the responsibility of deciding which of the two has the legitimate title to the spiritual sovereignty of England. Either Archbishop Wiseman has a rightful claim to the spiritual obedience of his province, or he has not. If not, he is a usurper—a robber breaking into the fold—and, by all canonical rules, a very proper object of excommunication. But if his claims be good, how are they to be reconciled with those of Archbishop Sumner or Bishop Blomfield? There is really no escape, on what are called "Catholic principles," from this dilemma; and the progress of discussion will inevitably force the self-styled Catholics to make their election between the principles of the Reformation, and those of the Mediæval Church. From the untenable ground of Anglicanism, there will be both a movement towards Rome, and a movement towards Rational Christianity. The merely speculative and sentimental will, for the most part, take refuge in the bosom of the infallible church; whilst those who are most conversant with the actual workings of society will fall back upon the ever fresh and pure principles of the Primitive Gospel.

MISS DIX.

No person in our country, none in any country, except Howard and Mrs. Fry, has shown us by example, how much may be done through the instrumentality of a single individual for the relief of wretchedness, as the estimable lady whose name is at the head of these lines. Her success is beyond all parallel even in the history of the two great philanthropists we have just mentioned; and although her own modesty shrinks from the publicity which her career involves, there is a propriety in presenting her example to the world, that she may thus be silently as useful in stimulating others, as she is by her active efforts in the dispensation of mercies to the suffering.

Miss Dix was a teacher in Massachusetts, honored and useful in her vocation, when her mind became deeply interested in the condition of those of her fellow beings who are confined in prisons and asylums. Without being governed by that philosophy which confounds vice and misfortune, and which looks upon a criminal as the victim of derangement, she appears to have been moved by a strong desire to promote the physical and moral treatment of both classes with a view to the reformation of the one, and the cure of the other. So far as she has a theory, it embraces a provision for the personal comfort of the subject, with the application of religious truth and undeviating kindness. Her theory has its foundation in the law of love, which she desires to apply to all classes of humanity; believing that the element of power is in it, and that happiness will spread as it prevails.

It is truly wonderful that a single individual, and she a retiring, quiet female, should be able while yet young, to accomplish so much for the good of her fellow creatures. We venture to say that no score of men would have achieved half so much in the same time. In various States at the east and the west, at the south and the north, she has succeeded in obtaining the establishment of well ordered asylums for the insane, in introducing important improvements in prison discipline, in meliorating the condition of county jails and almshouses, while the facts which her unwearied labors have elicited, being published widely, have awakened interest and secured reforms in many cases, that may never come to her knowledge. She is now in correspondence with committees in six different States, having the erection or modification of asylums in charge. Her mode of operation has always been of the quietest kind. Proceeding to the State where there has been no provision made for the insane, she visits various parts of it, and collects facts that show the vast importance of an asylum. In these visits she becomes acquainted with leading minds, and then she visits the seat of government during the session of the Legislature. In the retirement of the parlor and in the social circle, she communicates to the members as she comes into communion with them, these facts which she has gathered; she enlists their sympathies and secures their individual support to the measure she desires to carry through. In this way she disarms all opposition, and almost invariably succeeds. How many of these Institutions are now shedding abroad their blessings, as the fruit of her philanthropy we cannot say, but we do know that the blessings of thousands ready to perish have come down on her head, and that in various parts of the land she has monuments more honorable, if not more enduring, than the pyramids.

How beautiful is such a life! Here is nothing which may not be imitated successfully by any one. Her walks are those of benevolence. She goes about doing good. And who may not go and do likewise? The same paths may not require other travellers just now, but we live in a world of sorrow and suffering; the poor we have with us always, and whensoever we will, we may do them good. [Presbyterian.

BEAR ON, BEAR BRAVELY ON.

We insert the following lines, which have found their way to our desk as a poetical fragment, from what source we do not now remember, not so much for any special poetic merit to be discerned in them, as for the true and noble sentiments which they express. Who has not need often to be encouraged with such manly and cheering words as the last of the stanzas contains; to be reminded that our life is not a dream, that we were born not to lives of ease, but to labor and to toil for the good of others; that to each a daily task is given, which if rightly and well performed shall fit us for heaven; and that he only can receive the crown who in the exercise of simple and unwavering faith in God, boldly meets life's trials and life's duties, and so comes at last a *conqueror* to his rest. Sometimes in moments of discouragement, our eye has fallen upon these lines and we have been strengthened and animated by them, and such perhaps may be their effect upon some of our readers.

O, never from thy tempted heart,
Let thine integrity depart;
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honors, sure though slow.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labor which shall fit for heaven;
When duty calls, let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest,
Bear on, bear bravely on!

[Congregationalist.

"GOD IS LIGHT." If God is *light*, then all that occurs is reconcilable with the idea that he is worthy of confidence. What he does may *seem* dark to us, but we may be assured that it is all light with him. A cloud may come between us and the sun; but beyond the cloud the sun shines with undimmed splendor, and soon the cloud itself will pass away. At midnight it is dark to us; but it is not because the sun is shorn of his beams, or is extinguished. He will rise again upon our hemisphere in the fullness of his glory, and all the darkness of the cloud and of midnight is reconcilable with the idea that the sun is a bright orb, and that in him there is no darkness at all. So with God. We may be under a cloud of sorrow and of trouble; but above that the glory of God shines with splendor, and soon that cloud will pass away, and reveal him in the fullness of his beauty and truth.

We should, therefore, at all times exercise a cheerful trust in the wisdom and mercy of God. Who supposes that the sun is never again to shine when the cloud passes over it, or when the shades of midnight settle down upon the world? We confide in that sun that it will shine again when the cloud has passed off, and when the shades of night have been driven away. So let us confide in God, for with more absolute certainty we shall yet see him to be light, and shall come to a world where there is no cloud. [Albert Barnes.

USES OF SUFFERING.

But while the sensibility of our frames to whatever is liable to injure them is obviously designed for their protection, the suffering actually experienced through it has other uses, which must not be overlooked, if we would form a just conception of the entire economy of our being. As there is no part of our bodily structure, having a *single* function, so there is no provision of our constitution physical, intellectual or moral that contemplates a *single* object. Besides the immediate purpose or purposes accomplished by each there are other and remoter ends which it was equally intended to secure and which concurred in justifying to the Divine wisdom its adoption. Nay more; as there is nothing in the universe isolated, it frequently happens that the means employed for the attainment of a particular end bring, in their train, consequences more or less at variance with what is obviously their chief design. Considered with reference to the provision from which they immediately spring, these consequences must be regarded as so many evils. But, if we extend our view, we often see them change their character by becoming parts of other *related* systems, comprehended within the same general plan. Thus the bodily pain we experience through the means adopted by the all-wise Creator for the protection of our corporeal frames, subtracting so largely as it does from the sum of human happiness, is itself made a means of spiritual culture. Of the virtues developed through it, and of the intellectual and moral quickening which comes from it, we shall have occasion to speak in connection with another part of our subject. A still more striking illustration of the same thing is seen in the institution of death. This is the great law of all organized beings. Neither animal nor vegetable is exempt from it. It is the stern fate, the inexorable doom of everything that lives. The same agencies by which the bodily structure is built up and the vital processes are constantly maintained, at length undermine that structure and bring those processes to a termination. Nor are we able to conceive of any change by which under the present constitution of things such a result should be prevented or to any considerable extent delayed. What miraculous interposition would have taken place in favor of our own race had the first human pair remained innocent we know not; but that man was not designed for a physical immortality—to live forever on this earth all the provisions of his constitution abundantly show. The remains of the innumerable animal tribes which preceded him in the zoological series, while they attest the former prevalence of life in our world are equally monuments of the reign of death. But, although thus connected with life and as far as our knowledge extends inseparable from it, death is of all evils that which we most dread. Whether regarded in itself or in its attendant circumstances it is indeed the king of terrors. It casts its dark shadow over the whole face of human society. The very mention of it is sufficient to sober the gayest spirit and calls up images at which the stoutest heart grows sick and the ruddiest cheek pale. It is the rude severing of the dearest connections and most intimate relationships of life, the sudden extinction of all our worldly interests, the final setting of every earthly hope. It is the removal forever from the light of day, from the warm precincts of human affections and sympathies, and from this bright and beautiful world which we have known so long and loved so well, and which, however marred and scathed by sin, has still so many charms for our delighted senses. Its ministers are pain and wasting sickness and sore disease, and in its train of attendants are the shroud, the coffin and the tomb. Such is death; so chilling to every natural sensibility are the sad images awakened by its contemplation! and yet, besides being

norant—wanting light and knowledge! or with such an opinion of our attainments, that we expect no new discoveries, or expansion of view in regard to subjects already known! If we consult the holy book merely to seek confirmation of principles previously imbibed, or a justification of practises, which even natural conscience condems, or with a proud, inflated spirit, that cannot brook to be taught; or with a will not to receive its plain teachings and practice accordingly, we shall come away from the oracle in a worse condition than we were when we went unto it.

A meek, docile, child-like spirit, is all important to one who would understand "the things of God." Without such a posture of mind, the truth will not be perceived, or only partially perceived, or perceived in only a part of its relations. It will not be wholly embraced, nor have that entire influence which it is intended to exert, when it is allowed its full operation, in producing a harmonious and well-balanced Christian character. It is to such a posture of the mind that success is promised by Him who is faithful and true: "The meek will he guide in judgment; the meek he will teach his way."

A sincere love of the truth is essential to a right knowledge of it. That which is hated always repels—hated truth as certainly as any thing else. Aversion to the truth carries with it a power of self-delusion and of self-destruction. "Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved, therefore God gave them up to strong delusion to believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."

A disposition or purpose to believe the Bible and to obey its precepts, is another requisite to correct doctrinal knowledge.—The Scriptures do indeed speak of some, who "hold the truth in unrighteousness;" but it affirms, that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against such. And it does not affirm that such hold to *the whole* truth, the whole of revealed truth. There are some truths so obvious and undeniable that they commend themselves to the reason; and some very important truths are thus speculatively embraced by wicked men. But there are experimental and practical truths which they do not hold; and of which they know little. It must be so; for, as the apostle affirms, "the carnal man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The path to doctrinal knowledge, as pointed out by Christ, is plain and direct: "If any man *will do his will*, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." By any process, which excludes this qualification of an inquirer, success cannot be expected. Without this, men may grope in darkness at noon-day, and perish at last in their own deceivings.

Another requisite is much humble and earnest prayer to God for divine illumination. Who of all the sons of Adam had a deeper insight into the oracles of God, as far as they had been declared to the world, or as a heartier love for them, than the Psalmist? Yet his prayer was, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." It would seem that, in answer to this prayer, no doubt frequently repeated, he was blessed with some additional discovery of divine truth, or some new relation of truth, or some new application of truth, which filled his soul with admiration, and made the study of the sacred records always a fresh, and delightful, and soul satisfying employment—more grateful to his spirit than his daily food to his natural appetite. He looked for, prayed for, and expected new wonders, an additional unfolding of the wonderful treasures deposited in the Holy Scriptures. If we imitate his prayerfulness, his experience may be ours.

There are many reasons why we should pray, and pray for the Comforter to guide us into all truth, agreeably to the promise of Christ. We are encompassed by dangerous influences and agencies, which are exerted to prevent our apprehension and reception of the truth, and the careful cherishing of its influence, when received. If the devil, as Christ more than intimates, can 'come and take away the word out of our hearts,' and thus prevent its saving effect; surely the Holy Spirit, who is stronger than he, can secure for it a lodgment there, if devoutly prayed for, and cherish the good seed, till it shall have brought forth fruit unto life eternal. [Christian Mirror.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, November 23, 1850.

THE NEED OF PRAYER.

To all philosophic and skeptical doubts respecting the use or need of prayer, we find one all-sufficient answer in the fact that our Saviour prayed. If there was ever upon the earth a being who had no need of prayer, he must have been the one. In our frailties and ignorances, we constantly want light and strength. He alone of all beings upon the earth seemed able to stand by himself. And yet his whole life was bathed in the element of devotion. He not only taught that they who seek, shall find, but gave his followers a form of prayer on which has been borne upward for eighteen centuries the supplications of Christian hearts. He himself spent whole nights in prayer. The shores of the sea of Galilee, the grave of Lazarus, the familiar meeting with his disciples, the garden of Gethsemane were hallowed with his prayers, and the last words on the cross were words of prayer. If He needed it as a source of spiritual strength, surely we have still greater need. If it brought around his soul an atmosphere of purity, we have still greater reason for breathing it than he could have had. If he needed its solace in lonely hours, or in seasons of trial, we too have seasons of loneliness and despondency. If he needed it as a means of communion with God, we need it infinitely more than He who habitually dwelt in the bosom of the Father. The spectacle of Christ lifting up his thoughts and voice in prayer, is an unmistakable and invincible evidence of its adaptation to the spiritual wants of man. Every reader of the Gospel feels that it was in accordance with his perfect character to pray. Our frailties and sins only make it more essential to us.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES OF LEGISLATION.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the calm words of political wisdom uttered by the greatest statesman of the last age. In times of heated political excitement and angry controversy, when, between the noisy extravagance of the two extremes, there is danger that calm and wise counsels will be unheard, it is of the utmost importance, that all who have at heart the permanence of our national institutions, should go back to the first great principles of government, and hold them up with distinctness and authority before the eyes both of legislators and people. What we most need, is not a blind reverence for laws without regard to their character. "Bad laws," as Mr. Burke has said, "are the worst sort of tyranny. In such a country as this [England, but the remark applies with still greater force to us] they are of all bad things the worst, * * * and they derive a peculiar malignity even from the wisdom and soundness of the rest of our institutions." The great conservative principle in a country like ours, is not to be, a blind reverence for laws without regard to their character. Nor will it do in our national legislation to pay much regard to those shifting, uneasy and unsettled impulses, which often under sacred names, from time to time agitate different sections of the country. "In reality," to use again the language of Mr. Burke, "there are two, and only two, foundations of law; and they are both of them conditions without which nothing can give it force; I mean equity and utility. With regard to the former, it grows out of the great rule of equality, which is grounded upon our common nature, and which Philo, with propriety and beauty, calls the mother of justice. All human laws are, properly speaking, only declaratory; they may alter the mode and application, but *have no power over the substance of original justice*. The other foundation of law, which is utility, must be understood not of partial or limited, but of general and public utility, connected in the same manner with, and derived directly from, our rational nature. This present equality can never be the foundation of statutes, which *create an artificial difference between men, in order to induce a consequential inequality in the distribution of justice*. Law is a mode of human action respecting Society, and must be governed by the same rules of equity, which govern every private action."

Here, then, are the great principles on which government is founded, "without which nothing can give it force;" and it is only by keeping these principles always in sight, and acting in obedience to them, that our legislators can secure the strength and authority of government. For the strength of our government lies in the moral convictions of the people;—in a feeling on our part, that in our human laws and tribunals we have to some extent a representation of the divine government, and that these laws are to some extent invested with the sanctions of the divine law, and that in violating them, we are not only subjecting ourselves to civil pains and penalties, but also violating the law of God. When legislators trifle with this feeling by the enactment of idle and foolish laws, they lower thereby the respect for government. But when they pass laws which conflict with the first principles of justice, they transcend the power which God has delegated to them, and bring down his eternal law to condemn and destroy what they have done. The enlightened conscience of the community, which usually, by an unseen but irresistible power, comes in to enforce law, now, by the same unseen but irresistible power, is set against it; and, though no open or violent resistance is made, the magistrate feels that his authority is gone, and the law becomes inoperative and dead.

But in our imperfect social condition, wicked laws are not often permitted to die so silently and with so little mischief. They give new importance to a class of demagogues and social disorganisers, who gladly seize on every opportunity to create disaffection, and bring established authorities into disrepute. In this way, we quote again from the admirable language of Mr. Burke, "a species of men to whom a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity, are nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances; and it is no wonder that by a sort of piety, they cherish in their turn the disorders which are the parents of all their consequence. Superficial observers consider such persons as the cause of the public uneasiness, when, in truth, they are nothing more than the effect of it. Good men look upon this distracted scene with sorrow and indignation. Their hands are tied behind them. They are despoiled [by bad laws] of all the power which might enable them to reconcile the strength of government with the rights of the people. They stand in a most distressing alternative. But in the election among evils they hope better things from temporary confusion, than from established servitude. In the mean time, the voice of law is not heard. Fierce licentiousness begets violent restraints. The military arm is the sole reliance; and then *call your constitution what you please, it is the sword that governs. The civil power, like every other that calls in the aid of an ally stronger than itself, perishes by the assistance that it receives.*"

We leave these words of profound political wisdom to carry with them their own lesson. If our scholars and statesmen, and all who have a voice in legislation or an influence on the public mind, will, in such writings as those of Edmund Burke, study out the great Christian principles of political science, the great safeguards of liberty secured by law, and of law always respected because always resting on the principles of moral rectitude, they may, by the light of these principles, produce such a system of legislation, and such a state of public sentiment, that our people would as soon think of resisting the laws of gravitation as the laws of the land. There is no conservative element like that of perfect justice; and gross injustice, however it may hope to conceal itself and enforce its demands under the forms of law, is the most destructive element that can find its way into the legislation of a people.

HOW TO MAKE A TOWN.

As we were passing over the railroad from New Haven to New York, the other day, we suddenly found ourselves rushing through an immense crowd of men, women and children. They were scattered over a considerable district, including hill and valley, open fields and woodland. All of them seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly, and, in the overflow of high spirits, greeted the train as we passed through them with shouts, waving of handkerchiefs and various other jovial demonstrations. This was in the township of West Chester, some eighteen miles from New York city. It seemed rather late in the season for a Sunday school excursion, or parish pic-nic, and our curiosity as to the meaning of it may have been betrayed through our countenance; for the gentlemanly Conductor politely volunteered to give us the substance of the following information.

A thousand laboring men, mostly mechanics, had got tired, it seems, of the expensive habits of living necessary to a great city, and, by a simple plan of association, had combined to purchase a large territory on this spot. They are all bound by a mutual pledge to build dwelling houses on the several lots, within one year. Here they will reside with their families, passing into the city and out daily, over the railroad, by a season ticket, at a low rate. All the accompaniments, appurtenances, and appliances of a large town must naturally and almost immediately follow. Allowing five persons to each family,—no very extravagant estimate prospectively at least—here will be a new village, one year hence, built as it were to order, of five thousand inhabitants, so arranged as not to be uncomfortably crowded in any part, and doubtless laid out according to principles of economy, convenience and good-taste. The town is to be called Monticello. The company that we saw were the families themselves, out reconnoitering the scene of their future habitation. And well might they be inspired with a joyous foretaste of the benefits they are to realize hereafter. What a grateful exodus it will be to a thousand households, emancipated from the bad air, dust, noise, and summer heat in the third-rate dwelling-houses of an overgrown metropolis, into the salubrity, quietness, and cleanliness of open country! Wise parents and fortunate children!

It struck us as an idea worth considering. If the enterprise is carried out with all the energy and judgment now promised to it, it can hardly fail to yield advantages to these people almost immeasurable. How far the associative principle is to be carried, in the future management of the undertaking and in the habits of the population, we are not informed. However this may be, the experiment can scarcely fail to be full of interest. It is easy to see that in the purchase of the land, and undoubtedly in the wholesale purchase of the materials for building, a vast amount must be saved already. So it happens that practical advantages leak out from the narrow enclosures of a special and perhaps extravagant theory, and, mixing with the general life and existing customs of society, form solid improvements in the history of the race. By a familiar law in the operation of human opinions, no two classes are more widely removed from each other, or, often, more bitterly hostile, than the sworn champions of a novel and peculiar system, and those who make the nearest approach to that system in fact, without adopting it in form. It would not be very surprising if the movement above referred to, were to be suspected, ridiculed, or even hated by the communists, though from their general temper we should expect better things of them. At any rate, why should we not freely acknowledge, and gratefully pass to their credit, whatever good things they may directly or indirectly suggest? Success to the stout mechanics of Monticello! We should like to look in upon them ten years hence, to see how many rich and how many poor there will be amongst them, how many doctors and lawyers, how many schools and how many dram-shops, how many sects and who are their ministers of religion.

THANKSGIVING.

In this, and several other States, next Thursday has been set apart as the annual day of Thanksgiving. There is no other festival, except Forefathers' day, which so carries us back to the early history of the country—to that time of small beginnings when the safe ingathering of the harvest was so essential to the support of the people. We cannot without deep emotion picture to ourselves the inhabitants of the feeble colony, here in the wilderness, cut off from the rest of the world, when they first came together, by appointment of the governor, to acknowledge with devout reverence the goodness of God in securing to them the fruits of the earth. From that time onward, with the observance of the day, tender and solemn associations have been gathering round it, and it now comes to us consecrated by the various history of more than two centuries.

The day comes with a peculiar meaning at each period of life. To the young it is entirely a holiday—the most joyous of all the year. The short religious service throws hardly a veil of thoughtfulness over the bright anticipations of what is to follow. Separate members of a household, like separate streams of gladness, flow together, and the mirth of each is heightened by that of all the rest. There are no painful memories from the past, and there is no anxiety about the future. With those a little farther on in life, there are perhaps deeper emotions of thankfulness; for they have learned that to pass safely through another year is a cause for gratitude to God, and for thoughtful congratulations with one another. To those still farther on, the years that are gone come up with a more vivid impression, and while they look with grateful affection on the dear ones who are gathered round them, other and now more hallowed forms rise before them, and, as at the sacramental supper, they find themselves communing even more with the dead than the living. The ingathering of *their* harvest has to them a more affecting meaning, and with all its tearfulness awakens feelings of more devout thankfulness to God, than the fruits of the earth which he has thrown in such profusion around them. So the day becomes consecrated by uniting our richest memories, our dearest possessions, and our brightest hopes—the religious faith which gave it birth, binding in one blessed bond of immortality all who have dwelt long enough together to feel the need of such an union. May this Christian faith never cease to be the one leading feature of the day.

And while families come together in the fulness of their abundance, may they remember those who have no friends or homes, and those who are too poor to make the day one of festivity and rejoicing to themselves and to their children. Let the stranger feel that he is no longer a stranger, and let the poor, in the midst of their Thanksgiving, have reason to call down God's blessing on you and all who are dear to you.

THE WAY TO ENJOY THANKSGIVING.

It needs to be considered, how much the public religious service on Thanksgiving day heightens the social enjoyments which generally follow it. A holiday devoted exclusively to merry-making, leaves us with a certain sense of dissipation. Taking those who would devote this festival to the largest possible amount of pleasure on their own ground, we should advise them by all means, to go to meeting in the morning. The performance of that act of religious duty will provide a firm and satisfactory basis for those domestic hilarities which, justly enough, are associated with the dinner table and the evening gathering. The mind unbends from such a serious occupation with a more elastic spring, and it feels every rational gratification to be refined in character and doubled in amount. Our own recollections of childhood are that the worship of Thanksgiving day threw a hallowing light and a kind of benignant protection over all the succeeding hours, made the endearments of home more graceful and precious, and blended the memories of absent kindred with the holiest hopes of heaven.

PERIL FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A scientific prophet has started up in England, who seems disposed to throw a little cold water on the enthusiasm that is beginning to spring forth throughout Christendom, in respect to the great Exhibition of 1851 at London. Whether those persons among us who have begun to lay their plans for joining the cheap excursion to this mighty industrial gallery will feel obliged to this pamphleteering savan, or provoked at him, is to be seen hereafter. He predicts the arrival at the Fair of one guest not announced in the bill, viz, the plague. By an examination of the general sanitary state of London; by references to numerous historical examples where a sudden accession of a strange population has produced terrible epidemics; and by proving that the danger in such instances is in the compound ratio of the diversity of the sources whence the strangers come, and by various other confirmatory considerations, he makes out rather an alarming case. His allusions to the Black Death, the Sweating Sickness, the Great London Plague, and other terrific European diseases, are by no means encouraging. They add very little to the hospitality of the English invitation. He traces all these awful calamities to the sudden concentration of multitudes of men in confined places; and his estimate that a million of persons will be brought into the metropolis by this occasion is certainly not unreasonably large. The philanthropic author entitles his treatise, "The Philosopher's Mite to the Great Exhibition of 1851." The *London Athenæum* so far endorses these warnings as to urge a careful consideration of them upon the Board of Health and the Royal Commission.

"The public health," (it says,) "demands this precaution. If there be danger in overcrowding—as no one will question—authority should be armed with power to interpose, and in a measure regulate the influx. So far as our own countrymen are concerned, this would not be difficult; as an understanding with railway companies would enable them to check the inflow at any given hour. But the great thing required is a system which shall prevent the undue crowding of particular localities. If left to themselves, workmen will seek the workmen's quarters; foreigners, if not assisted by authority, will flock in thousands to the neighborhood of Leicester Square,—in one small house near which, it is said, sixty persons often sleep, three in a bed, at night. This is the danger to be avoided; and it may be done by a system which shall secure the distribution of the visitors over the largest possible area. Another suggestion may be made. Not only should the Commission arrange for the free opening of all parks, gardens, and public buildings, but, if practicable, for a system of cheap trips, daily, if not hourly, along all the railway lines leading out of London, so as to create a variety of issues for the teeming civilization, and widen quietly and pleasantly the breathing area.

The "Philosopher" recommends that our guests be lodged every night at a considerable distance from town; but such a scheme is evidently impracticable. On the two conditions which we have ventured to suggest—the adoption by the Royal Commission of some plan to secure the daily distribution of the arrivals over a large area in London, and a series of cheap trains which would carry off a portion of the pressure daily, spreading the gathered millions over thirty or forty miles of moveable encampment—most of the apprehended danger may, we think, be met and neutralized."

The Philadelphia *North American* says in relation to the above:

"Few, we presume, will be deterred from the jaunt by apprehensions of danger, which appear to be rather fanciful than otherwise. There has been some change in the world—in the habits of men and the sanitary regulations of cities—since the era of the plagues and pestilences which used to sweep over Europe; and although epidemics have often arisen, in former days, from accumulated crowds, they were crowds of the poor and miserable,—naked, destitute, and helpless people, driven from the fields by famine and the horrors of war; a class of persons in all respects different from those who will swell the London crowd of 1851, and who will go there, with full pockets and buoyant spirits, as to a grand gala and world's merry-making."

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN LOWELL.

The annual Report of this useful ministry was given by the Rev. H. Wood, in the Lee Street church, on the evening of the 3d inst. It was the *sixth* annual Report, indicating the continued stability of an enterprise which does credit to its liberal founders and patrons and is destined, it is hoped, to be one of the permanent agencies for the spiritual benefit of this community. Mr. Wood's Report was full in its details, lucid and forcible in its exhibitions of the want, vices and dangers of the city, and presenting the fruits of a large experience in this field of labor, will be read with interest by all who wish to see how the Spirit of Christianity may be brought to a direct action upon the want and misery of a populous cities.

Mr. Wood's labors have been indefatigable in carrying out, to its full extent, the idea of this ministry—and the amount and variety of his labors seem almost inconceivable. Preaching twice on Sunday to his own flock, with an attendance reaching to about 300, besides a third service as the official Chaplain of the Alms-House—conducting a Sunday School numbering 154 children from the most exposed classes, the number of boys and girls about equal—nor is this school a routine of formal instruction, but by various devices of ingenious charity, made an occasion of general enlightenment, promoting the love of nature, the purest social affections, and a taste for innocent and healthful recreation—with a numerous Bible class for adults, under efficient instruction, from which all sectarian influence is excluded—opening in the autumnal and winter months the rooms of his chapel to an evening school, which was attended the past year by, we think, 140 persons of both sexes, some at the advanced age of 54 years—originating and directing public Lectures on week evenings on scientific and literary subjects—the superintendence of sewing schools and singing schools—the management of juvenile festivals and a Floral Fair—the collection and distribution of clothing, the daily administration of charity at his office or at the homes of the poor, besides the general calls of professional duty devolving upon every Christian minister—if this outline delineation fails of sketching a "good and faithful servant," of the Master, one "always abounding in the work of the Lord," we know not how to draw from the imagination for the supplement. It is but just to add too, that what is gained in variety and comprehensiveness is not lost in general efficiency.

The ministry at large is yet an experiment, as to its best form, and most effective administration; and it is a matter of justice in observers not to adopt hasty theories, but to leave the intelligent and devoted laborers in this important field, to work out for themselves the problem of its highest success and usefulness. Mr. Wood's judicious and practical reports always afford valuable materials, which have been appreciated by all intelligent friends of the ministry. His last Report we think, one of his best. It was listened to with earnest attention by a large assembly. His appeal to the public for a more efficient aid, especially from *men*, as Teachers and assistants, (for the hand of woman is never held back from works of mercy) ought to be generously met.

A SERMON ON RECEIVING.

A great deal is said about the duties and obligations in giving. But there are also duties and obligations on the other side. God loveth a cheerful giver; but he loveth also a grateful recipient of kindness. And gratitude is something more than "a lively sense of favors to come." It relates to the past as well as to the future, and keeps alive the memory of former benefits. There is, sometimes, on the part of those who give an oppressive demand for gratitude which more than cancels the debt. This is cruel and unjust—imposing unreasonable restraints where they cannot be resisted by a generous heart without extreme pain. We should not, unless in cases of extreme necessity, allow ourselves to be placed under obligation to such persons. But, then, we may be too sensitive. We may imagine feelings on the part of our benefactors which do not exist. If we receive their favors, we ought to do it in such a way as to give them pleasure. We have known good people, who received gifts, as if they were offended, and others again receiving them as if they cared nothing about them, sometimes affording no intimation by word or deed that they had received them. This is not right. It tends to stifle kind feelings, and to check liberality on the part of those who are disposed to do good.

It is dangerous to live on charity. The sense of dependance is a sad one, and the habit of depending on others for what we can do or gain for ourselves, is injurious to the best elements of character. But there are cases where it is a thrice blessed privilege to bestow, and where by a generous, unexacting, cheerful spirit on the one side, and a grateful, confiding simplicity and unconscious self-respect on the other, the relation between those who give and those who receive, is one of the most beautiful that can exist between human beings. Often it might be difficult to say which is most truly the benefactor. There are chambers of patient, devout, unexacting want, from which we always come away feeling that the debt of gratitude is altogether on our side.

PLAUTUS AND SLAVERY.

Plautus lived about 200 years before the Christian era. It is interesting to see how the same essential questions come up in ages far apart, and under circumstances the most various. In one of his plays—*Rudens*—the plot turns on an unsuccessful attempt to recover fugitive slaves. Two female slaves escaping from a slave-dealer during a shipwreck, and gaining the shore near Cyrene, take refuge in the temple of Venus. The owner demands them, but the priestess of Venus refuses to surrender them on the ground that the law protects them from seizure if they can but reach the altar of the Goddess. The owner still endeavors to gain possession of them, but is driven off by violence and the liberty of the girls is maintained. Two thoughts have come to our mind in reading this play.

1. On the whole, was it not creditable to the country that the temple of one of the Gods should be a safe shelter for an innocent girl who had been kidnapped in her childhood, and who now was escaping from bondage. To say the least, was it not fitting that the priestess should use all legal means to secure the freedom of these poor fugitives! Would it accord with our ideas of the religious office in a heathen land even for a priestess of one of the temples to exhibit any enthusiastic zeal in hurrying them, summarily back to that servitude from which they had escaped.

2. Our second thought was how it would strike any one in a Christian country, to see a Christian minister putting himself forward prominently as an agent in sending back to bondage those who once were slaves, but who by their own energy have become personally free. Would it not seem to be in accordance with his office, to use all legal methods to secure the poor man's liberty, and to take pains to discover how far under the law he could protect the fugitive, rather than to ascertain for practical purposes what power the law gave to seize him and lead him back? We think there are few persons who would not prefer to see a minister over zealous for human freedom rather than human slavery. It is certainly best of all that he should stand, if possible, precisely on the truth; but if he should chance to err it had better be on the side of humanity—on the side of the man, rather than on the side of the money.

The following communication is evidently from one who knows both how to write and how to think. The suggestions in relation to the first subject are strongly put, and if there had been no revelation, and no provision for the salvation of the world, made by Christ, we should not know how to meet them. But the whole Christian scheme proceeds on the supposition that this life is a period of moral probation. Nature is prodigal of resources. Not one seed in ten thousand of all that are produced, is permitted to germinate, though not one is lost in the wide economy of the universe. Something of this same prodigality in the number of human beings produced as compared with those who fulfil the great moral and religious ends of their being, is to be seen; but it ought not to shake our faith in the moral purposes of the Almighty. A thousand subsidiary ends come in to appropriate means which had seemed to be provided only for one.

As to the second subject, we would here only say, that the supposition of one self-existent God, creating all things in harmony, is more reasonable than that of ten hundred millions of objects, each self-existent, and yet all, as if pervaded by one will and law, in harmony with one another.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Who constitute the present poor and vicious population of such a city as Paris? Are they not the children, for the most part, who before constituted the same class? Are not the middle classes the children of the middle classes? The rich the children of the rich, with few exceptions—the noble, of the noble—just as much, and truly, as the blacks are children of blacks, and whites of whites? Chinese of Chinese? How much then are we not creatures of circumstance and fate. And how are the wretches who crowd the streets of London and Paris, to be considered otherwise than as subjects of the deepest commiseration for their poverty, as well as their vices, of which they also are born heirs. And shall a righteous Heaven offer them no indemnity for the miseries they have endured? Is it enough to say that they shall not be damned? Is that all they are entitled to—not in mercy—but, in justice—at the close of a life of seventeen, or threescore years, passed in the depths of poverty, misery, sin, out of which there was no way of escape—all ended, how often, on the gallows or in a jail?

Is it a crime that a man is born a Hottentot—or an inhabitant of the Polynesian Isles, and so a natural and necessary victim of the awful vices of those regions, and punishment therefore deserved, and to be inflicted? Is it a crime that a man was born in the sinks of Paris, Naples, Boston, and the victim of the ignorance and want that bring him to the gallows? and, any more than in the first case, can punishment be deserved, or inflicted, here, or hereafter?

In this first life on earth we are provided with all the power and capacity for good, for virtue, but without the sufficient opportunity. Does not this show that this world, is primarily, in its first intention, nothing else but a grand contrivance for giving mere existence to such creatures as we are—a birth place only. Then, the creature being brought into existence, by the wonderful process of generation and growth, its chief destiny is, not to live, and grow and mature, but to die; and revive where the opportunity, developement, happiness, will be the chief purpose and sole reason of continued existence.

And are we not here without opportunity, when we reflect that one-third of mankind is cut off in infancy—that such vast proportions of those who grow up, have in all places, and in all these centuries, lived in heathen darkness and ignorance—without the possibility of knowledge, virtue, or development—and one-half, in the most civilized, christian lands as badly off, from the way in which they were born and matured, to whom knowledge and virtue were impossibilities, and to whom vice and ignorance were their natural state.

Why all this, if not, that the object, here on earth, is not primarily virtue, knowledge, or development, but simply existence:—that the main designs of Providence are fulfilled when the existence of human creatures has been secured; the future, to supply the means, and opportunities, of a growth and development forbidden here by the very conditions of the present existence; and that if in any, and in any quarters of the globe, and in any centuries moral and intellectual development does take place in any considerable degree, it is still an accident, in comparison with the certainty with which mere human existence is secured, and its multiplication indefinitely—by a law, never violated.

No other law of Providence is so sacred, so inviolable as that of human generation—the law, increase and multiply; and, in the view of eternity, whatever may be said, *the great benefit*. This law never fails or falters. Its execution is secured by instincts so fierce and ungovernable, that no prospective, threatened, or certain, suffering, torture, or death, ever interferes with or hinders it. The tide of population is one that never ebbs. It is a stream ever flowing. Other great laws are occasionally superseded, interrupted, violated; this never. Food fails, and whole tribes die of starvation. Health and life fail; and plagues sweep off cities and nations. Morality and religion fail—vice triumphs—and the world is sick to death with sin. But the great first law, that of generation, acts on with the unfailing certainty of the movement of the planets, and souls, by an irresistible force are born, as moments of time succeed.

May we not say then that this is, not the only, but primary purpose of Providence here, in the first world, not happiness, not, virtue, not religion, not truth, not development, but *souls*—mere existence; a time and place and means for the producing of that marvel of marvels an intelligent human soul, and then as if the great act had been achieved, without further concern, comparatively, it instantly perishes, for the most part soon as born, and all, but a fortunate few, after a most brief and miserable life—the life proper, comprising a complete growth and unfolding, being reserved for other more favorable conditions of being.

Is there any greater difficulty, as a mere question of reason in believing in the self-existence of the universe, just as it is, than in believing in the self-existence of God, as a way of accounting for his existence at all. It appears to *me* that I can as readily receive the doctrine of the self-existence of myself, of a tree, a stone, of the universe, of anything, as of God,—and of God as of myself. One is as good and valid a way as the other for accounting for the existence of things—and in no case is it good for anything. They are words without meaning. To my mind the only two sources of truth on the subject, are first, instinctive persuasion, and secondly, Jesus Christ and his revelation. All mankind, alike, believe in God; but only a very few on the ground of either logic or revelation. They believe distinctively. And the great benefit of Christianity, is, not so much that it gives us Christ, as that at last it has given us God. The miracles give us Jesus, as the Son of God; and, both together, give us our only certain assurance of a God.

[For the Register.]

A SHORT SERMON BY A LAY-PREACHER.

"For my ways are not your ways, neither are my thoughts your thoughts, saith the Lord."

In contemplating God's providence nothing is more becoming in us short sighted mortals than humility.

The creator and ruler of the universe of which this ball of earth forms, comparatively, a very small portion, works by laws and agencies wholly beyond our finite comprehension. The beginning and the end—cause and effect are at once seen by the eye of omnipresence.

"The mysterious dealings of Providence," is an expression of daily utterance because every day brings about events the wisdom of which is hard to understand, and perplexing to our limited views of right and wrong.

"Why are the wicked prosperous? why are the old, the decrepid, the weary of life permitted to remain on this busy scene, while the young, the active, the enterprising and vigorous are suddenly arrested in their apparently useful career? why are sin and misery permitted?" All these and many other questions implying distrust of God's wisdom and benevolence are constantly on our lips or in our hearts. The great moral lesson to be deduced from this, by all serious minds, is that of pious submission.

These thoughts occur to me with more intensity at this time in consequence of the agitation, the angry agitation of the slavery question in all its perplexing ramifications. There is a bitterness of feeling in the community and almost an entire absence of candor in judging of the motives of our opponents.

Without disregarding the lesson of humility to which I have alluded, I may be permitted to express the belief that in this as in all else—the Almighty is carrying out a great benevolent purpose. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain," may be uttered now with as much hopeful fervor as it was by David.

Let us look back to the condition of Africa half a century ago,—especially to that portion of it then accessible to the cupidity—the unrestrained cupidity of Europe and America, and behold a scene of unmitigated barbarity and brutality. Look at the same coast now—and behold a civilized and Christian community, a republic of enlightened men negotiating treaties of amity and commerce and taking rank with other civilized and Christian nations. Its territory stretches from cape to cape for a thousand miles and extends with gradual but certain progress into the interior, doing more to exterminate the Slave trade than all the treaties backed by all the naval force which England and the United States have felt able or disposed to devote to that service.

To what agency—what cause is this miraculous and heart cheering change to be ascribed? Assuredly to that great first Cause which said "Let there be light!"—and *light* is now dawning in that hitherto darkest region of the earth—and this torch of Christian light is borne by emancipated Africans from our own shores! Many,—and in this catagory I include myself, consider the scheme of colonization as among the most utopian of any which well meaning philanthropists ever attempted. Many and I fear a larger class were unwilling even to accord to it the merit of good intention—but denounced it as selfish and heartless—a plan of the slave holders to rid themselves of a troublesome population, regardless of all the evils which inevitably awaited those who might be cajoled into it,—holding that perpetual slavery or perpetual exile was the alternative and the only alternative offered by this fradulent scheme of colonization. This denunciatory language is still uttered by the ultra anti-slavery party. *Is it just? Is it wise? Is it conciliatory?*

[For the Register.]

GENEVA, KANE Co. Ill., Nov. 12th, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Permit me space in the Register to say that I have just received from Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, a box containing over 100 vols. of new and valuable books for circulation, besides tracts, and pamphlets, new and old, all valuable here, and to add a few words on the subject of books.

The box came by Railroad *to Geneva*. (I hope this new facility will be remembered by those who may wish hereafter to forward books, or who may be visiting the West. Cars arrive at Geneva from the East twice a day.) It was Saturday, P. M., and I was just preparing to leave home, but at the risk of failing to make some intended visits, I must open the box and see the treasures it contained. First came to view a generous contribution of tracts and pamphlets from the American Unitarian Association. These removed, discovered a large package carefully wrapped up "From A Lady." On opening this, it was found to contain 55 vols. of the choicest selection of new Sunday school books, such as "True Benevolence," "The boy of Mt. Rhigi," "Onward right onward," &c.

By the side of this, was another package "From a Lady," which contained a noble contribution of larger books, such as "The Christian Parents." "Euthanasy," "Miss Carpenter's Meditations," "Sermons on Christian Communion," "Echoes of Infant Voices," "Channing's Works," "Channing's select Thoughts," &c.

As I placed these treasures in my Depository, (which occupies one half of my study) I thought these ladies must be in spirit the lineal descendants of those who followed our Saviour, and ministered to him of their substance. I have no doubt they are already sufficiently happy in what they have done, but if they could follow these gems of thought and affection to their lodgment in the minds and hearts of those who will read them, and see the result:—the growth of intelligence and virtue, of pure and generous affections and purposes, and the wide diffusion of joy and love, they would be rewarded a hundred fold.

I regard the circulation of good books as one of the most efficient moral agencies, and as one of the cheapest methods of enjoying the luxury of doing good. I am willing that ladies should be allowed a generous participation in this luxury, but hope it will not be surrendered entirely to them. Let manly energy join with womanly affection for the dissemination of those truths and principles which are the essential elements of human worth and welfare. The results of this method of benevolent action may not be as immediate, and obvious, and showy, as some others; but in depth and breadth, and benignity of influence, it is hardly surpassed. I wish to add the remark that the books which have been sent to me are mostly of that readable kind which secures a cordial reception, and an influence on intelligent minds, which does not belong to books of a different character. The spirit of the books is in harmony with the spirit of the age.

They are not petrifactions of the thoughts of the past, but the free and stirring thoughts and sentiments of the living present, full of the promise of a progressive future. On this account they are read and received, and exert an influence upon those minds and hearts which are most active and earnest. Let no one fear, that if our books are sent they will not be read, or if read, that they will have little influence. They contain *seed that is alive*, and if cast into the soil it will germinate, and, in spite of rocks and thorns, and wayside fowls, much of it will bear fruit an hundred fold.

We need a hundred missionaries of our faith in this great valley. But in their absence and the inability to supply them, let books be sent without stint or grudging, and ready hands to distribute them will not be wanting. To my acknowledgements for the last received trust I would add, that I received a few weeks ago, a valuable box of books from Rev. J. F. Clarke; and also a few weeks before that, in a box containing 25 copies of Dr. Channing's Memoirs and 10 copies of his works, (bought of the A. U. A. with money obtained from the sale of books) I received 25 copies of "Burnap's Rectitude of Human Nature," 12 copies of Bulfinch's "Communion Thoughts," and several vols. of "Discourses on Christian Communion," and other books. Also at another time previous, six vols. of Bartol's "Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life," and 25 copies of Burnap's Objections to Unitarianism Answered.

For these several trusts, I would express to the generous donors my sincere gratitude, and the hope that I shall succeed in the endeavor to serve them, and the cause of humanity, and christianity, faithfully and acceptably, and that they, and others will not become weary in this way of well doing.

Yours truly,
A. H. CONANT.

Notices of New Publications.

ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Hubbard Winslow.

This is a text-book of great merit. We hardly know to what class of pupils it is best adapted; for it has the simplicity of an elementary work, while its range of subjects and the thoroughness of its discussions fit it to be a college class-book. We like it, most of all, for its thoroughly Christian tone and its uniform recognition of the fundamental doctrines of religion as axioms of science. This is no more than is currently done with regard to all other departments of knowledge. The metaphysician or moralist employs the admitted facts of geology or chemistry by way of illustration or argument, without the show of proving them over again or an apology for assuming them. In like manner ought the religious doctrines common to the belief of all Christians to be openly assumed as established data in philosophical reasoning, instead of being referred to with hesitation and under protest. If these doctrines are true, they essentially modify many of our conclusions in mental and moral science, and that to such a degree, that it ought to be impossible for the believing and the unbelieving portion of thinking men to have an intellectual or an ethical philosophy in common.

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Co. Ill., Nov. 12th, 1850.
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Yours truly,
A. H. CONANT.

ew Publications.

L PHILOSOPHY. By Hubbard
great merit. We hardly
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college class-book. We
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FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. No. 8. By B. J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston.

We admire the unflagging enthusiasm with which the author of this work is carrying out his enterprise. He has an artist's eye, his sketches are admirably done, and what is unusual, his verbal descriptions are as vivid and picturesque as those made with the pencil. In the present number, the revolutionary history of Connecticut is brought to a conclusion, and some general remarks are made, preparatory to an account of the events which took place at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill. It is evidently to be one of the most interesting and popular works of the day—one on a subject interesting to all Americans and yet treating it in a method which gives to the revolutionary history, a freshness and vividness found in no general history. We observe some single mistakes and would suggest what the author doubtless feels, the great importance of accuracy respecting persons and places.

FRANK AND FANNY. A Rural Story. By Mrs Clara Moreton. With Numerous Engravings. Boston.

From a cursory examination we should judge this to be an admirable book for young children. It carries them among the quiet scenes and simple characters of rural life, and has all the charm which comes from the description of such scenes, without being a child's novel. It is beautifully published by Phillips & Sampson, and is a good gift-book for the coming holidays.

MOSAIQUE FRANCAISE. By F. Sesson. Published by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia.

This is a French reading book, containing very few entracts from the best writers, and evincing poor taste in selection, yet adapted to be a very excellent manual for current use, because it gives numerous specimens of the diversities of style to be found in newspapers, reviews, and the ephemeral literature of the day.

NEW MUSIC.

The receipt of several of Mendelssohn's beautiful compositions reminds us to say to our country readers especially,—what we suppose our Boston readers understand sufficiently already,—that the place to buy music is at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street, where all the music in the market can be had on the most reasonable terms. The pieces now before us are:

No. 1. Comfort.
" 2. Song of Spring.
" 3. To the Absent One.
" 4. A Voice from the Lake.
" 5. In a Distant Land.
" 6. Song of Light.

☞ Received from Crosby & Co., the following books, all excellent of their kind, published by the Messrs. Francis of Boston and New York:

The Merchant's Daughter, and Other Tales. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

How to Win Love: or, Rhoda's Lesson. A Story for the Young.

A Study for Young Men; or, A Sketch of Sir Thos. Fowell Buxton. By Rev. Thos. Binney.

THE PRE-ADAMITE EARTH: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D.D. Third Thousand. Boston

We have already noticed this able work of a popular author.

News from the Churches

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT MR. HINCKLEY'S INSTALLATION, Nov. 13th.—Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. Williams of North Andover.—Sermon by Rev. George W. Briggs of Plymouth,—Charge and ordaining Prayer by Rev. Dr. *Francis*—Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Henry F. Harrington of Lawrence—Address to the Society by Rev. James Richardson, Jr. of Dedham—Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth.

We are happy to learn that the Society is in a very prosperous condition.

DEDICATION AT WAYLAND. The Unitarian Church in Wayland was dedicated on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

Order of Exercises: Introductory prayer, by Rev. John B. Wight; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Joseph Field, D.D; Dedicatory prayer, by Rev. Calvin Lincoln; Sermon, by Rev. E. H. Sears; Concluding prayer, by Rev. Charles C. Sewall.

The meeting house in Wayland in which the Unitarian Society had worshipped up to July of the current year, was built in 1814. It was not therefore a very old house, and at the time of its building it was thought to be an elegant structure. But it was built before the present sectarian divisions took place: the galleries had become useless, the house too large for the audience, and with the empty galleries, and pulpit in the old style, and the walls somewhat time-worn, it was not easy for the preacher to speak in, or pleasant for the worshipper. The Society therefore at their annual meeting in May last, voted with great unanimity to remodel it. The galleries and pews were taken out—a flooring was thrown across, so as to make a room of fair proportions above, for a place of worship and a vestry and other compartments below. The room above was tastefully finished, a simple, yet elegant mahogany pulpit was erected—the pews painted and grained in imitation of oak and beautifully cushioned, and the pews and aisles carpeted. The walls were painted in fresco with Grecian columns. And a recess back of the pulpit in which is the sign of the cross. The artist employed in this latter work was Mr. Charles B. Rutherford of Boston, who executed it with a conscientious fidelity which prompted him to do more and better than his contract required. The old stoves were taken out and the new room is warmed with furnaces. It is easy to speak in, a voice of moderate volume falling distinctly upon the ear in every part of it, and on the whole a more convenient and pleasant place of worship could not be desired. The society is not large, containing about fifty families. But they are strong in faith, and prize highly their religious privileges and we trust that this is a bright omen for their future prosperity.

ORDINATION AT NEWBURYPORT. Mr. Charles J. Bowen, of the class last graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained at Newburyport, over the Society lately under the ministry of Rev. T. W. Higginson, and previously under that of Rev. T. B. Fox, on Wednesday, Nov. 20. The day was one of remarkable splendor, and the occasion was evidently highly enjoyed, both by the society, and by the strangers who came to attend it. Religious services were held in the church on the evening of Tuesday, when a sermon was preached by Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston, and devotional services were conducted by Rev. J. F. W. Ware of Cambridgeport. The exercises of the ordination were as follows: Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury of Concord N. H; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Salem; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, from ii. Kings v. 13; Prayer of ordination, by Rev. Dr. Miles of Lowell; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, R. I; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Address to the people, by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston.

Everything connected with the occasion promised fairly for the success and permanence of the new ministry. We give below the fine hymn furnished by Rev. Dr. Gilman,—who has also sent to the Newburyport parish a much greater gift.

10th ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the occasion by Rev. Samuel Gilman, D. D., of Charleston, S. C.

Father! thy rich spirit shed
On this youthful supplicant's head;
Soothe his self-distrusting tears,
Temper his abounding fears;
Guide his vast and high desire,
Touch his lips with coals of fire;
Pour thy truth upon his soul,
O'er the thirsting Church to roll.

In thy vineyard called to toil,
Wisely may he search the soil;
Sinners may he love and win,
While he hates and brands the sin.
Give him boldness for the right,
Give him meekness in the fight,
Teach him zeal and care to blend,
Give him patience to the end.

Seal, this day, the vows that hold
Flock and shepherd in one fold.
May he well those mandates keep,
Feed my lambs, and feed my sheep!
Bless his home; his watch-tower bless;
Lead him with thy gentleness,
In the path once taught and trod,
By the enduring Son of God.

Grant him, in his charge to find
Listening ear, and fervent mind,
Helpful counsels, deepening peace,
Earnest life, and glad increase.
May they, by each other led,
Grow to one in Christ their head,
And, at last, together be
Ripe for Heaven, and meet for Thee!

NEW SOCIETY IN BROOKLYN, N. Y. We understand that a New Unitarian Society has been formed in Brooklyn, N. Y. and that they have invited the Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H., to become their pastor. The Society starts from a strong foundation, and can hardly fail of prompt success. Rev. Dr. Farley is cordially engaged in the enterprise, and his parish will reap advantage rather than detriment from the presence of a younger sister, or daughter. Brooklyn seems determined to support its reputation as the city of churches.

BRATTLEBORO' VT. Rev. Mr. Motte has given notice to the Unitarian Society in Brattleboro' of his intention to leave in a few weeks.

☞ Our readers will be careful to observe that Rev. Mr. Burton's first lecture on Domestic Education is to be delivered in Winter street Church on Sunday evening. The notice will be found in another column.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

——There is on exhibition at the present time in the Horticultural Hall in School street, one of the most extraordinary human curiosities that we have ever seen. We refer to two Kaana children, a boy and a girl, belonging to an almost extinct race of Central America. The following description of these curious creatures is a very correct one. It is taken from the Post:—

"They are the most outre looking objects ever brought to this country; but they are "natural humans," notwithstanding that their appearance at the first glance is rather against them. The boy is 32 inches in height, and weighs 16 pounds, and in the opinion of Dr. Gilman Watts, of New York, is about 10 years of age. The girl is 28 inches in height, weighs 14 pounds, and is supposed to be about 8 years of age. Their heads are not larger than a newborn infant's, and they may be almost said to be destitute of foreheads, while their noses are finely developed, straight and long, and project at a well defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark, and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eyebrows. The face is very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree. Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of forehead, there is not in the profile view the least resemblance to the Simian tribe. They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood, called Kaanas, which by constant intermarriage within their own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect. Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas-reliefs on the temple ruins described in Stephen's Central America. They are orphans, and at the close of a war between two of the Aztec tribes, fell into the hands of a traveller named Hammond. They are lively, playful, and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English, have thus far proved unsuccessful; but they occasionally utter a few gibberish sounds."

There can be no doubt that these creatures are *human*, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but they are unformed in manners and not possessed of intelligible speech. Still they are by no means idiotic, as we have heard them called. If they were put upon a course of patient and judicious training such as the deaf and dumb receive—such as Laura Bridgman has had—we doubt not they would improve by it to a very considerable extent. To the psychologist as well as the physiologist, these children present a most curious and interesting study. We trust that the opportunity and instruction will be afforded them, necessary to the development of their intellectual and moral nature, and that thus they may be taught something besides mere tricks.

——On Friday evening of last week, a large crowd assembled in Faneuil Hall, in consequence of a call, which had been published in the newspapers, signed by Messrs. Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, Wm. L. Garrison, Edmund Quincy and Samuel May, Jr., and inviting "the friends of reform, international amity, and universal emancipation," to assemble for the purpose of "congratulating Mr. George Thompson, M. P. of England, on his arrival in this country, and of sympathizing with him in the various reformatory movements in which he has been engaged since his last visit to the United States."

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Francis Jackson, who presented a list of officers, containing the names of Edmund Quincy, for President; Simon G. Shipley, John T. Sargent of Boston, John Pierpont of Medford, A. Robinson of New Bedford, E. I. Capron of Worcester, B. Spooner of Plymouth, J. R. Lowell of Cambridge, and Mr. Baily of Lynn, for Vice Presidents; and Henry I. Bowditch of Boston, J. N. Buffum, and S. May, Jr., as Secretaries.

After a few preparatory remarks, Mr. Quincy introduced Mr. Garrison to the audience. The latter commenced reading a speech, prepared for the occasion. He had not proceeded far, however before there were such unmistakable evidences of a spirit of disturbance in the assembly, that Mr. G. was obliged to stop. Mr. Wendell Phillips then endeavored to address the audience. According to the report in the Traveller.

"He spoke for ten minutes or more, now in an beseeching, and then in a reproachful manner, but preserving throughout his accustomed imperturbability. It was in vain, however, that he buffeted the storms of shouts, and hisses, and groans, and whistlings, which rang through the hall. Cheers for Webster, and Winthrop, and Millard Fillmore, and Briggs; for Jenny Lind, and Abby Folsom, and the Reporter of the Boston Herald,—for everything and everbody, in fact, that could be invoked to keep the excitement alive—were called for and responded to with a heartiness which indicated no discrimination in the tastes and desires of the tumultuous assembly. Mr. Phillips finally desisted, and sat down, almost every word which he had uttered, having been lost in the prevailing confusion. Just before Mr. Phillips sat down, a posses of the Police made their way, with demonstrations of considerable courage, to the front of the stage. Their presence seemed for a moment to inspire the friends of the meeting with confidence; but, it soon appearing that they were mere "lookers on in Venice," the mob spirit was again rampant, and became more exulting and uproarious than before.

An attempt was next made to introduce Mr. Thompson, who took the platform, with the manuscript of his intended speech, which he placed upon a music stand, and essayed to read. The uproar was now increased, and continued without cessation or abatement. Mr. Thompson stood, calmly facing the audience, with folded arms, once or twice attempting to speak, for fifteen or twenty minutes. He then sat down, a chair having been handed to him, and remained for some time in that posture. But still the storm raged—not angrily, but in mere wantonness—effectually drowning every voice that was raised to speak. W. H. Channing made an effort to calm the tumult; but it was like whispering against the cannon's roar. Mr. Theodore Parker got up and pointed to the portraits which hung upon the wall, at the same time moving his lips, as if he were invoking the shades of those departed heroes to exercise the disorderly spirits who were making the hall hideous with the echoes of their unmeaning shouts; but it was all a pantomime."

Several other individuals attempted to address the meeting; but it was in vain. The opposition triumphed and the managers finally withdrew. The whole scene was disgraceful in the extreme and unworthy of an enlightened community. We hope that nothing of the sort will be allowed to occur again. Mr. Thompson has since addressed his friends in public in one of the churches of our city, and without any disturbance.

——The arrivals from Europe of the past week have brought nothing of great interest. The Pope's new Bull with regard to England has excited a considerable degree of feeling throughout the Kingdom. According to the New York Tribune, the Bull is dated,—

"Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, on the 29th day of September; in the fifth year of the Pontificate. It recites that it is the earnest desire and aim of the Roman Pontiff to extend Catholicity, and to "re-convert the English nation," especially by the foreign education of devout young English Catholics, who, when brought up in the Propaganda College in their ecclesiastical calling, might return to their native land, and there propagate the true faith.

The Pope considering the present state of Catholicism in England, and the enormous number of persons daily converted, judges it proper to recall the vicars apostolic, and a complete new episcopal hierarchy is established. An Archbishopric of Westminster, who will have a suffragan bishop of Southwark, and eleven other suffragan bishops divide the rest of the entire kingdom. All their jurisdictions are boldly and distinctly parcelled out, and the bishops are assured they will enjoy in England the same rights and facilities as in other Catholic countries, and in a pecuniary point of view, the new bishops will be no losers, as the splendor of their temples and their wants will be amply provided for."

——Accounts from Berlin state that there was a suspension of the Hessian agitation pending the issue of the conference at Warsaw, between the Emperors of Russia and Austria and Count Brandenburg. The movement of the troops still continued, towards the Hessian frontier. There does not, however, appear to be any change in the Elector's policy, and an invasion on the part of Austria and Bavaria is expected.

PLEASING INSTANCE OF LIBERALITY. We accidentally heard a few days since, that Mr. Benjamin F. White of our city had presented to the Baptist Society in Cavendish, Vermont, a large and fine toned Bell for their Church. It is from the Foundry of Messrs Henry N. Hooper &Co., and weighs about two thousand pounds. The inscription upon it is modest, and characteristic of the donor, viz.

PRESENTED TO THE
BAPTIST CHURCH AND SOCIETY IN CAVENDISH, VERMONT,
BY BENJAMIN F. WHITE
OF BOSTON.
NOVEMBER 1st, 1850.

We are glad to record such instances of the liberality of Unitarians to other Denominations.

JAMES THE NOVELIST. A letter writer from this city says, of Mr. James:—"The report that he had taken steps towards becoming a citizen of the United States is not true. Mr. J. says he cannot annul his obligations of fealty to the Queen, created by the oath of allegiance, but he intends to make this country his residence."

BERKSHIRE. Literary men are making Berkshire classic ground. Holmes already lives there—and so do the Sedgwicks. A correspondent of the New Englander says that Professor Longfellow has bought a farm at Stockbridge, and that Hawthorne has bought one at Lenox.

——The Hon. George Tyler Bigelow has been appointed by the Governor and Council to the Supreme Bench, in the place of Judge Wilde, resigned.

THE APPLETON DONATION. The following is the letter accompanying the liberal donation of the Hon. William Appleton to the McLean Asylum:

To the Trustees of the Mass. General Hospital:

Gentlemen,—With the belief that there is not in our country, an establishement where the comforts, accommodations and means of treatment of the Insane, are superior to ours at the McLean Asylum, nor that there is any class of citizens better cared for than those who have been deprived of God's best gift—yet, within the period of my connection with the institution, (nearly twenty years) I have seldom visited it without regretting that we had not suitable accommodation for a small portion of the patients who had become by nervous affections, or other causes, inmates of the establishment, more in accordance with what they have been accustomed to when with their friends, and, my excellent friend, the much valued head of the establishment, Dr. Bell, has often felt and expressed to me, that patients had been retarded in their convalescence, when their reason was returning, by finding themselves under the same roof, and to some extent within view of those who are in a less calm state of mind.

Another, but not so important call for additional accommodation, is that friends almost frantic themselves from anxiety for those necessarily separated from them, would be much relieved when they find those whom they most dearly love, having at their command not only the care, attention and comforts, but the luxuries they have enjoyed when with their families.

To remedy this deficiency, I have had plans of two buildings made, and approved by Dr. Bell, intended to be separated from each other, and the other buildings of the Asylum, sufficiently large to accommodate eight males and the same number of females, each patient to have a parlor, bedroom, and a room for an attendant attached, with such conveniences as will afford the patients every possible advantage for restoration.

Should you approve of the plans, you will please cause the buildings to be erected at my expense, and herewith you will find the necessary means to the extent of twenty thousand dollars, that being the amount specified in the estimate of the Architect, which I now send you, together with the plans.

With great respect,
I remain yours, very sincerely,
WM. APPLETON.

Boston, November 9, 1850.

DISCOVERY OF A THIRD RING TO THE PLANET SATURN.—We understand that last night, the existence of a third Ring around this planet, which had been for some time suspected, was ascertained by the astronomers to the Observatory at Cambridge. It is interior to the two others, and therefore its distance from the body of Saturn must be small. It was well observed through the great Equatorial, with powers varying from 150 to 900, the evening astronomical observations being remarkably fine, perhaps the finest since the establishment of the Observatory, although, singularly enough, the sky was so hazy, that to the naked eye only the brighter stars were visible. It will be remembered that the eighth satelite of this planet was also discovered at Cambridge, by Mr. Bond, about two years since. [Traveller.

CONVERSIONS TO CATHOLICISM. The Roman Catholic Annual Register, for this year, gives a list of seventy clergymen who have left the English Church, and joined the Roman Catholic.

ENGLISH CONSUL AT LIBERIA. The British Government has appointed a man of color, Consul at Liberia. This is the first instance in which this has been done.

POWER'S EVE. Power's statute of Eve has been purchased by Prince Demidoff of Russia, at the price of £700, which is one hundred pounds more than was to have been paid for it by Mr. Robb, of New Orleans, for whom it was originally made.

TRAVELS ON THE MISSISSIPPI. The annual amount of travel on the Mississippi river is about 500,000. The annual loss of human life for several years past has been over 200; by burning, blowing up, and drowning, to say nothing of sickness.

THE ARKWRIGHTS AS THEY ARE. Some months ago, when the head of the Arkwright family died, and his will came to be proved, the public were astounded, and some of them not a little alarmed, at finding the enormous extent of his wealth. The personal property was sworn to be under five millions! Under five millions! Why, five millions yield, at a rate of five per cent. interest, an annual income of not less than two hundred and fifty thousand a-year. Not more than two or three men in England are known to possess such incomes. And then the rate at which it must be increasing! The Arkwrights don't live like Nugents. Their establishment, though Hillersley Castle is grandly situated, is remarkable for the modesty of its furnishings and the simplicity of its entertainments. The heirs of the family are devoted to no costly extravagances. They keep neither horses nor yachts, opera boxes nor Belgravian palaces. On the contrary, the visitor at any hour in the day, or any day in the week, will find them in the mill, in the workshop, or in the counting-house. The untiring energy of the founder of the family, lives in his descendants; the splendor of wealth—the attractions of a gay world—political or literary ambition—all these things fail to draw them for a moment from the daily routine of spinning or weaving, the fingering of yarn, the examination of bad cuts, and the casting up the accounts. They have no pride of birth, no political dignity to support, like the Sutherlands, Westminsters, and other noble millionaires. Their millions have only to be by and gain more millions—a process which many fear may result in the contingency suggested by the great Thellusan case; from which it would require the momentary ascendency of the Old English doctrines of the levellers to set us free. To such of the public as entertain these fears I may suggest at least one source of consolation—the Arkwright family is already a very numerous one. The four or five millions were broken up into more than half a dozen portions. A few years more will see these divided, so that unless Masson mills, and the other factories belonging to the family, should spin their golden thread faster than hitherto, two or three generations hence will find a numerous colony of the Arkwrights, most of them blessed with moderate fortunes, but none of them rich enough to endanger the industrial or monetary stability of the country. [Morning at Mills, in the Daily News.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY
GEORGE N. BRIGGS,
GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

A PROCLAMATION

For a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

"God is great, and great is His goodness to the children of men." Scarcely have his mercies been more distinguished to any people, than to the people of Massachusetts, from their origin to the present time.

Early in their history, our fathers acknowledged His beneficence in their solemn assemblies, on days set apart for that purpose.

Taught by their precepts, and stimulated by their example, I do, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, to be observed, by the people of this Commonwealth, as a day of *Public Thanksgiving, Praise and Prayer.*

Let all classes of our citizens cease from unnecessary pursuits, and avoid those recreations and amusements inconsistent with a proper religious observance of the day.

Let them assemble in their places of public worship, and, recounting the numerous mercies of the past year, unite in songs of praise to their Divine Author.

The sound of war has not been heard in our land. And though during the year GOD has in his inscrutable wisdom, suddenly struck down the honored, wise and just chief magistrate of this Republic, the high authority with which he had been invested by the people of thirty States, quietly devolved upon his successor, without commotion or bloodshed.

The vast, complicated machinery of the general government, after receiving such a sudden and violent shock, moves on without jarring or disorder. Such a spectacle in the history of governments, demands our grateful acknowledgments to HIM who holds in HIS hands the destiny of nations. General health and plenty have prevailed in our own Commonwealth. In the workshops and on change, amidst the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; in the busy marts of trade, and among the robust and hardy adventurers of the sea, who bring up from the depths of distant oceans the materials for lighting up the homes of their countrymen upon the land, a success and prosperity have rewarded the enterprise of our varied industry and business, which evince an over-ruling and smiling Providence. The systems of education and philanthropy wisely founded by our fathers and faithfully carried on by their children, under the blessing of HEAVEN have diffused their healthful influence upon those whom they were intended to benefit.

But the most precious of all the mercies vouchsafed to us by the BENEFACTOR of man, are those which flow from the BIBLE and the GOSPEL of HIS SON.

Free from governmental restraints, these we enjoy in unrestrained liberty. The only obstruction to their full fruition is to be found in our own perverseness.

Let those who anticipate with delight the approaching thanksgiving festival in the happy domestic circle, and in homes of health and abundance, remember that there are near them, abodes of destitution and sorrow, to whose sad and lonely inmates this joyous anniversary will bring no joys, unless they are permitted to share in the liberality and kindness of the fortunate and benevolent. The SAVIOUR of the world never forgot or neglected the widow, the fatherless and the poor.

Grateful to our common FATHER for the past and present bounties of His providence, let us humbly and earnestly entreat HIM to continue to us those blessings, social, civil and religious, which we have hitherto enjoyed. Let us in a spirit of devout piety, pray that HE would give strength and permanence to all those institutions of ours, designed to secure the true interests of the people, to diffuse the benefits of education and learning, to improve private and public morals, and to make us a virtuous and happy community.

That whilst participating so largely in HIS temporal mercies, HE would give us spiritual riches, and make us the humble and sincere followers of HIS SON. That HE would bless our whole country, continue to it that liberty and union which were purchased at so great a price, and cause those who govern it to be just men, and to rule in His fear. That HE would restore to the people of the nations, those rights and that freedom, of which they have been wrongfully deprived by the fraud or the violence of those who oppress them. That HE will break the rod of oppression everywhere.

That the period may soon arrive when the door of Providence shall be opened for the peaceful termination of slavery and its attendant evils.

That HE would remove from the hearts of rulers and people, the spirit of war, and implant in its place a love of peace and its arts. That by HIS transforming grace HE would mould the hearts and the characters of all those who profess the name of CHRIST into the moral image of their MASTER, and lead them to imitate HIS example in works of charity and benevolence. That HE would inspire the ministers of the Gospel with the zeal, and clothe them with the power which moved an inspired apostle, when before a Roman governor, "he reasoned of *righteousness, temperance and judgement to come.*" And that HE would make effectual those instrumentalities designed to civilize and christanize men, until the time shall come when the sublime anthem, first sung by angels in the skies of Judea, and heard by the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men," shall be echoed round the globe by our ransomed and happy race.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy fifth.

GEORGE N BRIGGS.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

WILLIAM B. CALHOUN, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

☞ *Notice.* The Ladies of Centre Chapel Society, New Bedford, (Rev. Mr. G. Thomas's) propose a sale of useful and fancy articles and refreshments, on the evening of Thanksgiving day, to continue through the day and evening of Nov. 29th, to assist in paying the debts of the society.

Any contributions from our friends will be gratefully received. 3tis nov9

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers*, will meet on Monday next at the house of Rev. F. T. Gray, 76 Mt. Vernon street.

nov23 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ *Sunday School Society.* The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society, acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the Teachers and Pupils connected with the Sunday School in Deerfield, Mass., to constitute their Pastor, Rev. John F. Moors, the Pastor of the Unitarian Society of that place, a Life Member of the Sunday School Society;—also, Ten Dollars contributed by the Teachers and Pupils of the Sunday School connected with the Keene Congregational Society, Keene, N. H., to constitute the Hon. Salma Hale, their Superintendent, a Life Member of the S. S. Society. nov23

☞ *Sabbath Evening Lecture.* A Lecture on DOMESTIC EDUCATION, will be given at the Central Church, Winter Street, next Sabbath evening, Nov. 24th, at 7 o'clock, by Rev Warren Burton. This is to be gratuitous and introductory to a brief course on the subject to be given at another place.

*** Parents are invited to be present. nov23

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 12, by Rev Dr Peabody, Charles Clarkson Goodhue of New York, to Sarah Chandler, daughter of James Parker, Esq.

Nov. 17, by Rev Thomas Starr King, Mr D. L. Downing of New York, to Miss Adeline E. Billings of Boston.

Nov. 10, Mr William S. Hall of New York, to Miss Susan T. Leman of Boston.

In Dorchester, 31st ult., by Rev Mr Pike, Mr John Kendrick to Miss Clara Bussey, daughter of the late John Bussey, Esq., all of D.

In Charlestown, 10th inst, by Rev George E. Ellis, Mr Mr George W. Adams to Miss Elizabeth E. Chambers, both of C.

In Hingham, Nov. 10, by Rev Mr Richardson, Edward C. Rogers, M. D., of Upton, to Miss Elizabeth Lathrop, youngest daughter of Mr Joel Seymour of H.

In Lynn, 13th inst, Mr Henry Breed to Miss Sarah Ellen, youngest daughter of Henry Williams, Esq.

In Charleston S. C., 4th inst, by Rev Dr Gilman, Charles J. Bowen of Providence, to Annie Margaret Gilman, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 8, Mrs Elizabeth, widow of Asa Tufts, of Malden, and the last remaining grandchild of Thomas Parker, one of the early settlers of N.

In Dorchester, Nov. 11, (at the residence of her father, H. Temple) Ann Elizabeth, wife of Sherburn Rowe, 25.

In Salem, on Sunday night, Nathan Ward Nevi, Esq., 53, senior partner of the house of Neal & Co., of Salem. He graduated, (says the Salem Gazette) at Harvard University in 1816, and has since devoted himself to the active pursuits in commerce, in which he has been highly distinguished for untiring energy, for great enterprise, and for uncommon intelligence. He was a director in the Asiatic Bank from its establishment and for many years its President, retaining that office till within a few months when ill health obliged him to resign it. He is taken away in the prime of life, and in the midst of usefulness, deeply regretted by all with whom he had ever associated either in business or friendship.

In Fairhaven, Nov. 15, Miss Frances, wife of Mr Albert Sawin, in the 29th year of her age.

In St Louis, Nov. 1, Mrs M. G. Cavender, wife of Mr John S. Cavender, and daughter of the late Col. Peter Chadwick of Exeter, N. H., 25.

READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

CHANTICLEER; A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

Chap. I. The Land-cape of the Story.
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III. The Farmer-Folks from the West.
IV. The Fortunes of the Family considered.
V. The Children.
VI. The Fashionable Lady and her Son.
VII. The Thanksgiving Sermon.
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Extract from the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Common Schools in N. H., June, 1850.

"Reading, like music, should be taught by example from the teacher, and by imitation from the pupil.

"Among the prominent faults of this exercise may be enumerated indistinct articulation, rapidity of utterance, and a disregard of the sentiment. As a remedy for these defects, the pupils should be drilled in the elementary sounds of the language until these can be slowly and distinctly enunciated, and taught to catch the spirit of the author and impart the living thought to the listener. An Analysis of the Elementary Sounds of the English Language, and a Chart, adapted to the wants of our district schools, have been prepared by that devoted friend of popular education, Dr. Leonard, of Dublin. A chart of this description is an invaluable aid in teaching reading, and one should be found on the walls of every school-house in the State."

II.—NORTH AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK, *conformed to Worcester's Dictionary*, by L. W. LEONARD.

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Extract from the Report of the Superintending School Committee of Keene, published in the Fourth Annual Report of the Schools of New Hampshire:—

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III.—SEQUEL TO EASY LESSONS; *A selection of Reading Lessons for Common Schools; designed to be used after Easy Lessons, American Popular Lessons; Boston Reading Lessons, &c.*, by Rev. LEVI W. LEONARD, author of the Literary and Scientific Class Book.

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IV.—THE BLACK-BOARD. *Exercises and Illustrations on the Black Board*, by JOHN GOLDSBURY.

"We look upon this work as extremely valuable. Its design is to point out some of the uses of the Black-Board in illustrating various branches of science, and to aid teachers and pupils in using it. We commend it to the notice of teachers, who must have felt the want of such a work."

nov23 3tis [Standard.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

Christ the Image of God.

Through many an age on rolling age
Jehovah sent his prophets down,
And righteous men, the saint and sage
Were all rejected, one by one.

"Go now, my Son, my holy child
Nearest of all," saith God, "to me,
My flaming glory's radiance mild,—
It must be they will reverence thee."

See, in the gentle Christ appears
Jehovah's face, Jehovah's mien!
Ne'er looked upon by kings and seers,
Behold it in the Nazarene!

Image of God! we touch, we see;
Our aching hearts on thee we rest,—
Know the Invisible in thee,
God in the flesh made manifest.

Presence of God! in earthly veil,
Shrouding His glories lest we die,
The Father's love in Thee we hail,
His truth, His justice in thine eye.

Outline and portraiture divine!
Of seeing God—thou art our all,
All that the Father hath is thine,
Seal of the Great Original.

Embodied Life of Deity!
To human thought the perfect whole—
First, midst and last, I'd live to Thee,
And see Thee live in every soul.

D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALICE LISLE AND ELIZABETH GAUNT.

After the defeat of the insurgents in the Monmouth rebellion, two of the vanquished rebels sought refuge in the house of Lady Alice Lisle—a lady who in the time of the Commonwealth, had protected and relieved many Cavaliers in their distress. The same womanly kindness which had led her to befriend the Royalists in their time of trouble would not refuse a meal and a hiding-place to the wretched men who now entreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her dwelling was surrounded by soldiers, and the refugees taken. She was convicted of the crime of harboring traitors, and condemned to be burned alive. Every effort was made to secure her pardon, but all that could be obtained was, that her sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading. She was accordingly put to death, and underwent her fate with serene courage.

The case of Elizabeth Gaunt was even more affecting. It is thus told by Macaulay:

Among the persons concerned in the Rye House plot was a man named James Burton.—By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discussed by his accomplices. When the conspiracy was detected, a reward was offered for his apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron of the Anabaptist persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt. This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her sect, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the jails. Her political and theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money which, for her means, was very large. Burton, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernly, a barber in White Chapel. Fernley was very poor. He was besieged by creditors. He knew that a reward of a hundred pounds had been offered by the government for the apprehension of Burton; but the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come under the shadow of his roof. Unhappily, it was soon noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels than against the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengence was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were bro't to trial. The villian whose life they had preserved had the heart and the forehead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted. Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake. Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it impossible that these judgments should be carried into execution. But the king was without pity. Fernley was hanged. Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn on the same day on which Cornish suffered death in Cheapside. She left a paper, written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror. "My fault," said she, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it." She complained of the insolence of the judges, of the ferosity of the jailer, and of the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure she and so many other victims had been sacrificed. In as far as they had injured herself, she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause which would yet revive and flourish, she left them to the judgment of the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox.

Among Landor's Imaginary Conversations is one between these two ladies, which, in beauty of style and sentiment, is inferior to few compositions in our language. We give the conversation below.

Lady Lisle. Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

Elizabeth Gaunt. From the cell of the condemned we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it.

Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

Lady Lisle. Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful; you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion; and again you looked upon me; and tears rolled down your face. Alas! that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy. Alas! that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death.

Elizabeth Gaunt. Be comforted; you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

I wept because another was greatly more wretched than I myself. I wept at that black attire of modesty and of widowhood.

Lady Lisle. It covers a wounded, almost a broken heart: an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

Elizabeth Gaunt. In his name let us now rejoice! Let us now offer our prayers and our thanks at once together! We may yield up our souls perhaps at the same hour.

Lady Lisle. Is mine so pure? Have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost.

Open, O gates of Death!

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle!

Elizabeth Gaunt. And can not you too smile, sweet lady! are not you with him even now! Doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to partake them.

O! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death, condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it, this innocent and helpless widow!

Lady Lisle. Blame not *that* jury! blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so; I received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my king had forbiddon it.

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened them with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous; they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I hope at least the unfortunate man, whom you received in the hour of danger, may avoid his penalty.

Lady Lisle. Let us hope it.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I too am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

Lady Lisle. Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to his guidance.

Elizabeth Gaunt. He abandoned that guidance.

Lady Lisle. Unfortunate! how can money then avail him!

Elizabeth Gaunt. It might save him from distress and despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

Lady Lisle. In godliness, O my friend! there can not be inclemency.

Elizabeth Gaunt. You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it; for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid, proner to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

Poor man! I never knew him before; I can not tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

Lady Lisle. I am not a busy idler in curiosity; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

Elizabeth Gaunt. The person's name I never may disclose; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwelling, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbour him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly; yet his fears made him shiver through them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting; still, although he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the king, that his majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one; but it *was* a hope; and I gave him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart; it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature! he consented with it to betray me: and I am condemned to be burnt alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way through life he will find those only who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

Lady Lisle. It does not; oh! it does not.

Elizabeth Gaunt. What then?

Lady Lisle. Your saintly tenderness, your heavenly tranquillity.

Elizabeth Gaunt. No, no; abstain! abstain! It was I who grieved; it was I who doubted. Let us now be firmer; we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tears.

I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one; he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss.

Lady Lisle. O my good angel! that bestrewest with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have prosecuted us, be conscious on their deathbeds that we have entered it! And they too will at last find rest.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

Early in April, 1847, one hundred and forty-three men, two women, and two children, started out as pioneers from Council Bluffs, Iowa.—These Mormons made an entire new road on the north side of the Platte, crossing Elk-horn to Fort Laramie; they then took the Oregon trail, to Fort Bridges, when they commenced a new route through the Rocky Mountains. On the 22d of July of the same year, they say, the first man—Professor Orson Pratt—entered this valley. On the 23d of July the first camp moved into and halted at what is now called the centre of the city. In the afternoon of the same day they had three ploughs and a harrow at work.

At two o'clock, P. M, of the same day, they commenced building the first dam for irrigation. The next day, Saturday, the 24th, they planted five acres of potatoes. On the 28th of the same month, what they style the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, assembled, and laid off a city as follows: Block of ten acres each, eight lots to the block, an acre and a quarter in each lot, the streets eight rods wide; the sidewalks to be beautifully shaded; the blocks to be surrounded by a purling brook, issuing from the mountains; every house to be built twenty feet from the front fence. No two houses front each other; standing in his own door, every man *may not* look into his neighbor's door, but into his neighbor's garden. They have four public squares, which are hereafter to be adorned with trees from the four quarters of the globe, and supplied with foutains of water.

On the temple square they intend to have a garden that will cost at least $100,000 at the commencement. Their missionaries have already made arrangements in the Eastern States, in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, the Germanic States, and in the islands of the sea, to gather the choicest seeds and fruits and everything that can beautify and adorn the garden. At first the city was laid off to contain one hundred and thirty-five blocks. Since then an addition of sixty-five blocks has been made on the East, and sixty on the West. They have laid off one mile square on the East of the city for a University. It will not be two years until next October since the first house was built in this city, and it now numbers at least nine thousand. They already have convenient houses built of dolics—dried brick—and most of the luxuries of life. They expect an immigration of at least 10,000 of their own people this year.

The only method of cultivation is by irrigation from what they call, "City Creek." Just as this creek opens in the valley from the snow-capped mountains, it divides into two main branches, which afterwards sub-divide. This water, from the mountains to the temple block, has an average fall of nine inches in a rod, for a distance of more than ten miles, with a greater fall the further you advance into the mountains. At one mile and a third from the city, is a warm sulphur spring, which possesses great cleansing and purifying properties, and which it is affirmed, cures most diseases of this climate. About a mile and a half further is a hot sulphur spring. On the south side of the valley is a hot spring of pure water. The water of this spring is twenty-nine feet and three inches deep.

The city is located about twenty-two miles south east of the great Salt Lake. This lake is considered more saline than the ocean, three gallons of the water making one gallon of the purest, whitest, finest salt. This valley is about thirty miles by twenty-two, joining to a valley of about fifty miles by eight in width. From the entire north to the south, these two valleys are studded with settlers, numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand. The Lieutenant Engineer, Mr. Gunnison, estimates these valleys—having explored them—as capable of supporting a population of from one and a half to two millions.

On the south of this valley lie the Utah valley and lake, about fifty miles from the city. The name of their city is Provo, on the south side of the Provo river. The lake is pure water—eight miles by four—abounding with fish. About one hundred miles south of this they have established a settlement of about one hundred and fifty families. This valley is called San Pete. Here there are many ruins covered with hieroglyphics. One place in particular, is called by the Indians "God's Temple." Here, also, many remains of ancient pottery, both glazed and unglazed, are found in great abundance; and here also is a mountain of pure rock salt, and abundance of bituminous coal.

During five months of the year there can be no communications with the North, East, or West, the mountains being rendered impassible by the snow. This city is situated about forty and a half degrees North latitude, and one hundred and eleven degrees longitude West of Greenwich.

The productiveness of the soil is astonishing. We are here in the midst of their harvest, and never have we seen such wheat. We will give you one out of many authentic accounts. M. Holiday, from the south of this place, raised upwards of one hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat from one bushel of the seed, and three hundred bushels of potatoes from one hushel of the seed.

This valley is regarded as one of the healthiest portions of the globe; the air is certainly the purest I ever breathed. Its altitude is four thousand and three hundred feet above the level of the sea; and some of the mountains on the east of the valley are more than a mile and a quarter high, and are covered with perpetual snow; while in the valley the thermometer frequently rises above one hundred degrees.

So much for this city and valley. I have not at present time or space to write anything. It is due to them to say that I have not seen anything vicious since my arrival. They are very kind and hospital to emigrants. The emigrants drop them a thousand commodities for a small consideration, as they change from the train to the packing method of accomplishing the remainder of their journey; while they, in their turn, are greatly accommodated in obtaining supplies and refreshments, at this little more than half-way house over plains and deserts.

[Western Christian Advocate.

FOR CHILDREN.

THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

'Want your pavement cleared, ma'am?' asked a little boy, and then held up his spade, that the lady might be sure to understand. She threw up the window and the bargain was soon made. The little boy was very industrious, and as there had been but a light fall of snow his work was soon done. When Mrs. Whitford—for that was the lady's name—heard the street door bell ringing, 'you need not go, Hannah,' she said to the girl, who was washing up the breakfast things, 'it must be the little boy who has been clearing the pavement; as he is to be paid, I wish to see him myself.'

She found the work very nicely done, and so she told the little boy, as she dropped his well-earned 'fip' into his hand. Her voice was a sweet one, and, as she finished speaking to him, he looked up into her face as if he had something he would like much to say. It was not a face to make anybody afraid, and they were soon in a nice chat together.

'Mr. Whitford,' said she, very persuavely, as she re-entered the breakfast-room, 'that is a fine little boy; I really have taken a fancy to him. His name, he says, is Albert Scott, and he wants work. He and his mother, and his sister Patty, and the baby have just come in from the country, and they do so want to be employed!'

'What! the baby and all?' asked Mr. Whitford.

'Oh! you know I don't mean so,' she replied; 'but can't we do something for them? I am sure I heard you say yesterday that you wanted another carrier for your paper.'

'Don't speak of it! It makes me sick at heart to think of having anything more to do with the little vagabonds. And this little scamp what do we know about him?'

'Nothing,' said the wife, warmly, 'but that he is young and poor and willing to work, and that he bears on his face a letter of recommendation from his Maker, not yet soiled and defaced by a life in the city.'

'There spoke the country girl! Well, wife, if you really wish it, I'll try the boy—call him in;' he answered.

Mr. Whitford was connected with a daily paper, and in the course of his business had met with so many young offenders, that he really believed it was almost impossible for a poor boy to be honest. Albert Scott felt his courage fail before his searching glance, and the story which he had so artlessly told to the lady was now hardly intelligible. He forgot for the moment his own age, said they had been in the city six weeks instead of three, and made several other blunders, all of which, Mr. Whitford said aloud, 'looked very badly.' But as he was really in want of a carrier, he explained to Albert what he would be expected to do, and then engaged him, but not without many glances expressive of disturst. Albert was not accustomed to be treated with suspicion, and he would indignantly have left the house, had he not felt that he might thus be throwing away an opportunity of being useful to his mother.

'This note,' said Mr. Whitford, 'you must deliver as directed, at the office, and you will receive the papers. Now see that you are honest!'

'I'll do my best, and hope you will not be sorry that you have trusted me,' said Albert, a little proudly as he left the room.

Mrs. Whitford followed him to the door and said a few encouraging words, which made him almost forget his recent cause for anger.

He walked very rapidly, and soon reached the narrow street in which his mother lived.

'Good news, Patty!' said he, as he entered their only room. 'I've earned this money myself, for cleaning off the snow from a gentleman's pavement. And now I'm to be a newspaper boy, and run about the streets and stand on the corners and sell papers.'

'What! with all these bad boys!' asked his sister, the look of pleasure with which she had greeted him passing from her face.

'Now that's not like you, Patty! I thought you would be glad too,' said Albert, reproachfully. 'But where's mother? I remember, she was to work for Mrs. Blake to day. So you will be here alone with the baby. Where's the piece of a bridle which I found the other day? it would be so nice to fasten round my papers.'

It was five minutes before the strap could be found, and as many more flew away while Patty tied her little woollen shawl around her brother's neck, for a cravat, and coaxed him to wear her mittens.

Mr. Whitford, after engaging Albert, had gone directly to the office, and had been waiting there at least ten minutes when he arrived. 'I thought so; he was an impostor,' he had muttered several times, and perhaps he was a little disappointed to find himself mistaken, when his eyes fell upon Albert, all out of breath.

'So this is your punctuality,' he said, very sharply.

Albert was about to tell exactly what had detained him, when Mr. Whitford stopped him, saying, no excuses. There, take the papers, and be sure you come at five o'clock to give an account of yourself.'

Albert left the room, and commenced his new business with a heavy heart. He tried to call out the name of the paper, as he heard the other boys, but his voice was husky and would only whisper. 'This will never do,' he said to himself, and then he tried again and again, until he was able to shout quite in the usual style. By the time he had finished his round he was in high spirits; he had sold all his papers, and his pocket was full of pennies. He sat down on a step and counted his money; he had sold fifty papers, and had exactly fifty cents, which had so weighed down his pocket that his mother's strong sewing was put to a severe test. He was near the baker's shop, to which he had been every day since he came to the city, and in whom he had already made a friend. He stepped in and got his heavy coin changed for a bright half dollar, which he carefully placed in his pocket. Having obtained a new supply of papers, he took his stand on the corner with the other boys. They gave him a long stare, and then burst into a rude laugh.

'Ho! ho!' said a burly boy, 'here's a robin red breast, with his big eyes and ma's shawl on, to keep his little throat warm. I wonder if he can sing. Come, try it.

Albert could have knocked the boy down, or given him abuse, for he was for the moment angry, but he remembered that if he was ever to assist his mother he must curb his temper, so he only vented his feelings by roaring out 'News from Mexico! Steamer in!' so loud that it made the passers by clap their hands to their ears. The big boy, whose name was Jack Entler, swore at him, and something more serious might have occurred, but just then a gentleman stopped for a paper. As soon as he was gone the attack was again commenced, but Albert had taken the first step in doing right, and found it quite easy, comparatively, to be quiet. He grew sick at heart as he was obliged hour after hour to hear the worst language from his vicious companions, who at length, weary of attempting to draw him into a quarrel, began to talk among themselves. One pale little follow, who had scarcely spoken, stole to his side and stood near him the rest of the day, and gave him many a confiding look, although he said not a word.

It was half past four o'clock and the throng was somewhat diminished, when a little girl, with a basket of apples on her arm, came slowly across the street. The extreme cold of the morning was abated, and the half thawed mud was very slippery. While she was yet in the middle of the street, her feet slipped and she fell, upsetting her basket; the apples rolled out in every direction, and the boys sprang forward to pick them up.

'You shall nor touch them,' said Albert, darting forward to her assistance.

'Who cares for you?' said Jack Entler; but at that moment a strong hand grasped his arm. It was Albert's friend, the baker, who soundly scolded the boys for their dishonesty, while Albert helped the little girl to pick up her apples. She was very shabbily dressed, and yet the tears came in her eyes when she found that she was covered with mud.

'What shall I do?' she said; 'mother will whip me for getting my clothes so dirty.'

'There, let me rub off the mud,' said Albert, taking his handkerchief from his pocket and wiping her old cloak as carefully as if it had been made of velvet. She looked quite relieved to see how much it was improved, and thanked him very sweetly as she took her basket on her arm and moved away.

'There's your handkerchief,' said Jack Entler, thrusting his hand into Albert's pocket, as he walked off with the baker.

They chatted together until they reached the office. Mr. Whitford thought he might have been too harsh and suspicious in the morning, and by way of atonement spoke very kindly to Albert, and then proceeded to inquire about his success. The pleased boy gave an account of the number of papers he had sold, and then taking his money from his pocket, he handed it to Mr. Whitford. That gentleman counted it, and then said, sternly—

'How is this? fifty cents are missing.'

Trembling with surprise and terror, Albert looked at the money; the half dollar which he had taken at the baker's was missing. In vain he searched his pockets twenty times, it was not to be found. Mr. Whitford would not listen to his protestations of innocence, but having given him a sound flogging, he sent him from the office, with the command never to show his face there again. The idea of presenting himself to his mother was so painful, that he wandered about until it was quite dark before he could make up his mind to go home. His sad face soon drew attention, and he told the story of his loss.

'My poor boy!' said his mother; 'what have you been led to do? O! the curse of poverty! Confess your fault—it is your first. Say you took the money and have spent it. I should not feel half so badly as to see you stand there so still, as if you meant to go on in sin.'

This was too much for poor Albert, and he burst into a violent fit of weeping. Little Patty threw her arms around his neck, and whispered, 'Dear brother, don't cry; I know you would'nt steal.'

Albert again asserted his innocence, and at length his mother was convinced that she had wronged him.

While this scene was going on, Mr. Whitford was telling at home how his suspicions had been confirmed, and how he had dismissed Albert in disgrace.

"You have been too hasty," said the kind-hearted wife. "I do not believe the boy is guilty."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when there was a ring at the door. A little pale-faced boy was shown in. He was very much frightened, but at length he was able to say,

"My name is James White, and I sell papers for you, sir. Mr. Barton engaged me. I came to tell about a boy who was with us to-day. I heard about his being sent away, at the office."

These sentences were spoken slowly, and with long pauses between them. Mrs. Whitford motioned to her husband to leave the child to her. When he had ceased speaking,

"Go on, my dear," she said, quietly. "It is about the half dollar you want to tell us?"

"Yes," said the little boy. "Jack Entler took it,—I saw him myself."

By patiently waiting for the little boy to tell his own story, they learned at length that James White had seen Jack Entler take the money when he pretended to be putting Albert's handkerchief into his pocket; that James had been afraid to say anything about it at the time, but when he heard of Albert's disgrace, had determined to find out Mr. Whitford and tell him the whole truth.

"Come, let us go immediately to see the poor boy," said Mrs. Whitford, her sweet face bright with smiles. "He told me where he lived this morning; I cannot let him be unhappy all night."

Mr. Whitford was very ready to accompany her. He was really kind at heart, although seeing so much of the wickedness of the world had made him suspicious. Taking James White with them, they were soon at Mrs. Scott's.—When the door was opened by little Patty, they saw Albert sitting on a low seat, with his mother bending over him, trying to comfort him.

"I have wronged you my boy," said Mr. Whitford, stepping forward and taking Albert's hand.

Albert was so much rejoiced at having his innocence proved, to feel any resentment. He was quite happy when Mrs. Whitford tenderly told him how sorry she was for all he had suffered, and how sure she had been from the first that he was innocent.

"You must not go among those bad boys again," said Mr. Whitford; "my brother is in want of a boy to drive his store cart, with the packages. Do you know anything about driving?"

Albert's eyes brightened, and his mother answered for him.

"Oh yes, he always drove farmer Brooks' cart when he was busy. He's an excellent hand with horses."

"I can promise you the place, then," said Mr. Whitford, "You may come to me to-morrow morning, and I will take you to my brother's."

A happy looking party Mr. and Mrs. Whitford left behind them at Mrs. Scott's when they returned home. During their visit the kind-hearted lady had noticed the poverty of their small apartment, and the next day many little comforts were despatched to them.

We must not forget to mention that that very night a man was sent to Jack Entler's. The wicked boy was in bed, and the money was found in his pocket. He was dismissed from the service of Mr. Whitford, and soon after ran away to sea, and was never heard of any more. James White was removed from his cold stand on the corner to a more comfortable place in the office, where he pleased everybody by his quiet, obliging manners. [The Schoolfellow.

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